

PS 3500

.A1 H5











✓  
HIS DOUBLE LIFE :-

-\*- A C T I -\*-

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Property of  
Jas. S. Stevens, M.D.  
2412 East. Cumbe  
Ph





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✓  
"HIS DOUBLE LIFE."

-A-

\*-\* PLAY -\*\*

IN

\*-\* FOUR ACTS -\*\*

\*\*\*\*\*

L. ROSENFELD.

REWRITER  
AND  
REPRODUCER  
BY  
Gustav  
J. J. J.

PS 3500  
A1 H5

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\*-\* C A S T O F C H A R A C T E R S -\*\*  
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The Earl of Ledbury

Captain Daryll Harcourt of the Life Guards, his son

Sir Percival Pigott

Mr. Hon. Adolphus Ponsonby

Police Officer 1287

Tommy Sykes A Waif

Duffy

Simmons

Landlord of Happy Home

James A servant

Clerk

\*-\*-\*-\*-\*

Lady Mabel Harcourt

Lady Sunburst

Ethel Vyvian

Madge Bull

\*-\*-\*-\*-\*

S C E N E:\* London.

T I M E:\* Present Day.

\*:\*~



:-- A C T I --:

S C E N E:-

Drawing room in Harcourt Towers.

T I M E:-

After dinner.

D i s c o v e r e d:-

Ethel Vyvian seated at piano and playing. She plays a short piece, then without stopping music. By her side is Sir Percival Pigott. In arm chair asleep is the dowager. Lady Sunburst asleep on sofa. L. H. are Mabel Harcourt and the Hon. Adolphus Ponsonby.

Pigott

I hope you haven't forgotten your promise, Miss Vyvian?

Ethel

What was it, Sir Percival?

Pigott

To sing one of your favorite songs.

Ethel

Alas. Sir Percival, I have only one favorite now and I fear your critical taste would be above it.

Pigott

Why, Miss Vyvian?

Ethel

Because the music is simple, indeed, almost common place, while the words and the sentiment are the humblest in existence.

Pigott

At least let me hear it Miss Vyvian, I really don't see why I should not like simple music and humble sentiment.

Ethel

Oh very well, Sir Percival.



(Plays symphony to Lover's "What Would You Do Love"? the n sings song in low voice and measured time almost like an Irish and Scotch crooning song at end of song Pigott leans over piano and trying to throw great significance into his words.)

Pigott

Miss Vyvian, the sentiment of that song may be humble but it is also noble. Such abiding faith is ~~what~~ few men merit and few get.

Ethel

If they are loved by the right type of women they command it; at least that's the way I read the song.

(Goes on playing other music as if improvising but very quiet.)

Dolly

Mabel, this is very jolly.

Mabel

Jolly, Dolly! I think it's very slow.

Dolly

Mabel, nothing can be slow that you take part in.

Mabel

(Laughing) Oh, thank you, Dolly.

Dolly

No Mabel, what I mean is, it's so jolly sitting here in your lovely presence knowing that a fellow's digesting a doosid good dinner.

Mabel

Oh, Dolly, how unromantic.

Dolly

Yes, Mabel, but how comfortabl, Then that soft sweet music of your cousin Ethel. She does play beautifully, don't she Mabel?

Mabel

Ethel an exquisite player and sings sweetly too.

Dolly

Ya-as, and then I look up into your face and think that you can be so charitable, so condescending, so generous, so, so





doosid foolish as to love a little noodle like me, I feel that jolly that I could burst right out crying on the spot.  
(Rubbing his eyes.)

Mabel

(Giving him her hand which he kisses fervently.)  
Dolly, I do love you, but I'm not in the least bit condescending or generous. I've loved you ever since we were children. And you are not a little noodle at all; you have far more brains and even talent than people who make pretensions to such things; and as for heart, yours Dolly is nearly as big as your body. Yes, I think we'll be very happy when we are married. (sighing.)

Dolly

Then why that sigh, Mabel?

Mabel

Did I sigh Dolly?

Dolly

Yes, and I know why. You were thinking about Daryll.

Mabel

(Sighing again.)  
Yes, Dolly, I was thinking of my dear brother Daryll.

Dolly

You love him better than you do me, Mabel.

Mabel

Oh, no Dolly, not better, but differently. My love for Daryll has something in it of worship and something also of fear. I worship him because he's a hero and I fear for him because he is unhappy.

Dolly

A hero indeed. A tried and proved one. Didn't he win the Victoria Cross in the Soudan? I feel it a privilege to walk down Bond street with him. But why should he be unhappy?

Mabel

That's his secret, his mystery. I think nobody understands anything about it but Papa, and I know it worries and harasses him terribly. You know Dolly, all houses have their family skeleton and I'm sure that the Harcourt skeleton



concerns itself with Daryll only.

Dolly

Why doesn't the Earl let you know about it Mabel? Your woman's wit would smash that skeleton all to pieces.

Mabel

I wouldn't trust to wit, Dolly, but to a sister's love and devotion. But Dolly, I will penetrate the mystery and you shall help me.

Dolly

Only give me the chance, Mabel, But Daryll was to have been here to dinner.

Mabel

Yes, and we waited half an hour for him. Oh, Dolly, I dread another of his mysterious absences. He was nervous and agitated this morning. A sure sign. I noticed how anxious papa was at breakfast and how unhappy he has looked all day long.

Dolly

And your cousin Ethel, Mabel?

Mabel

She suffers terribly- poor thing. She is so loving and tender and clinging and Daryll is almost coldly cruel when these spells come over him.

Dolly

It's a pity they don't get married. They've been engaged long enough.

Mabel

So I think, but when I mention the subject to my brother it agitates him to the point of suffering. Don't look around Dolly, but tell me what Sir Percival Pigott is doing now?

Dolly

Making great eyes at Ethel.

Mabel

(Smiling) What wasted labor.

Dolly

He evidently loves her.



Mabel

Yes, that's the only thing I respect him for.

Dolly

You don't like Pigott?

Mabel

No, never did.

Dolly

But don't you think his devotion contrasted with Daryll's coldness and neglect may touch her heart in time?

Mabel

No! Ethel will love Daryll through good report or evil. She will never change; bless her the darling.

M U S I C stops suddenly.

(Lady Sunburst wakes up with a start.)

Lady S.

Good gracious, children, what noise you've been making.

(All laugh merrily.)

Mabel

Oh, Aunt dear, we've all been as quiet as mice.

Pigott

When the old cat's asleep. (aside)

Lady S.

Well, I am quite certain I heard a dreadful noise and confusion.

Ethel

(Still at piano.)

You woke up, Auntie, when I ceased playing, that accounts for it.

Lady S.

Nothing of the kind, my dear, I believe, nay, I'm sure of it you were all romping and playing blind man's buff while I was asleep.

Pigott

Lady Sunburst, I believe you romp in dreams yourself, and renew your jolly youth whenever you close your eyes.



Lady S.

Well, I did have some fun when I was young. I wasn't quite so prim and melancholy as these girls.

Pigott

Why can't you warm them with some of your ancient fire, Lady Sunburst?

Lady S.

I wish to heaven I could. (rising) Here children, we'll have a carpet dance, you're four, I'll play for you.

(Goes to piano and plays waltz. Dolly, Mabel, Pigott and Ethel are partners. After a few turns, the Earl of Ledbury appears L. H. He looks very much pleased and applauds vigorously.)

Lord L.

Bravo, bravo.

(The dancers stop.)

To whom do we owe this burst of diversion?

Pigott

To Lady Sunburst, of course, Lord Ledbury.

Mabel

Auntie's responsible papa.

Lady S.

I don't shirk the responsibility. Only for me you'd all die of melancholy, brother.

Lord L.

I believe we would sister. I must have fallen asleep in the dining room. It was too bad of you young fellows to leave me to finish that bottle of port all by myself. We didn't do that sort of thing when I was a boy.

Dolly

I've no head for port wine, my Lord.

Lord L.

No, Dolly Ponsonby, lemon squash's more in your way I think.  
(All laugh.)







(1)

Lord L.

(Shaking his head- aside.)

"Not yet" always the same. If he knew how his absence  
pains- alarms me. But of course the boy cannot know.

(aloud) Then Mabel, we'll hardly see him until to-morrow  
Come Dolly, with your head.

(They exit L. H. C.)

Mabel

(Putting her arm round his neck.)

Papa, you mustn't say severe things to my Dolly.

Lord L.

Indeed I won't, Mabel. I'm very fond of your Dolly but he oughtn't to let me drink a whole bottle by myself.

Mabel

Did you drink it all, Papa?

Lord L.

Oh, no not half yet Mabel.

Mabel

(Aside to Dolly)

How stupid you are Dolly.

Dolly

(Aside) How, Mabel?

Mabel

Don't you see that papa ~~wishes~~ to finish that port and wants some one to help him?

Dolly

Oh, of course. (aloud) Lord Ledbury, I think I've got a bit of a headache and your port might cure it. (All laugh)

Lord L.

(Laughing.) That's the first time I ever heard of port wine curing a headache. But one never knows what touches some people's heads. Come along, Dolly Punsby, we'll have the port and if that don't cure you, we'll try burgundy and then Madeira.

(Going off arm in arm with Dolly.)

No news from Daryll, Mabel?

Mabel

Not yet papa.

(1)

Lord L.

(With sigh.) Ah, then we won't see him till to-morrow. Come on, Dolly, with your head.

(Exeunt L. H.)

1890

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1904



(1)

Pigott

(Significantly trying to look in her eyes.)

I have grown to be so since I came to Harcourt Towers.

(Ethel shrugs her shoulders.)

Before that I was the most unsentimental of men.

(2)

Mabel

There is Daryll. (All rise.)

Pigott

What was that exquisite ~~morceau~~ you played last, Miss Vyvian? It is familiar to me and yet I cannot place it.

Ethel

It would be very strange if you could, Sir Percival. I was improvising.

Lady S.

(Laughing) Oh, Ethel, that's an insinuation that your improvising is not original.

Pigott

(Quickly) By no means Lady Sunburst, the music touched my sympathies, that was all. (aside to her) As everything Miss Vyvian does always must.

Ethel

(Wearily.) Are you so sensitive? ①

~~Pigott~~

Where you are concerned, Yes, Miss Vyvian.

Lady S.

(Flopping into chair C.)

For heaven's sake children, if you've nothing else to talk about but sympathies, you'll bore my life out, you really will. Come, run about the room and play.

Mabel

Aunt, dear, we're no longer children.

Lady S.

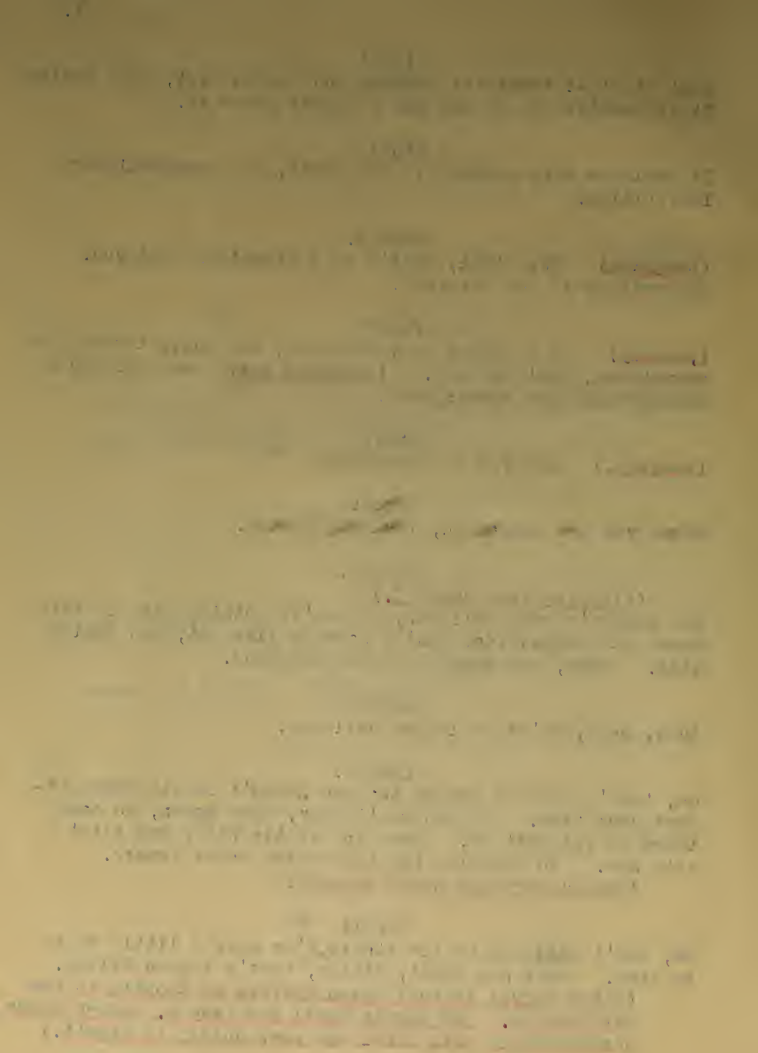
Oh, that's evident enough but you needn't be old women before your time. If you won't play, then spoon; do some thing to interest me. Send for little Dolly and flirt with him. Do anything but talk blank verse lunacy.

(Daryll Harcourt heard outside.)

Daryll ②

No, don't <sup>take</sup> take him to the stable, I've only a little while to stay. Walk him about, Atkins, that's a good fellow.

(Enter Daryll in full dress uniform as Captain in the Life Guards. He kisses Mabel and Lady S. shakes hands constrainedly with Ethel and bows coldly to Pigott.)







(1)

Pigott

Yes, by Jove it is interesting. You know when a man leads a double life - spends one half of his existence in the West and the other in the slums.

(Daryll starts nervously.)

Daryll

I've only got half an hour to stay. It's too bad isn't it Mabel?

Mabel

Indeed it is. What's the trouble now, Daryll, the horrid regiment or your mysterious private affairs?

Daryll

Both I think are to blame this time, Mabel.

Ethel

(Coming close to him and looking him in the eyes.)

Daryll, I wish you had no mysterious private affairs.

Daryll

So do I Ethel, with all my heart.

Ethel

I mean Daryll, no private affairs which keep you away so often and so long from your father, from your sister, and from me.

Daryll

(Nervously.) Ah, Ethel, which of us can avoid his fate? Who can see his destiny before his face?

Ethel

Are you a fatalist then, Daryll?

Daryll

I've grown to be one Ethel. Oh, pardon me, dear, I hardly know what I am saying. I'm nervous and distraught to-night Ethel. Well, Pigott, what's the news in the clubs? The latest gossip, or the scandal, you're sure to know it.

Pigott

Well really, Harcourt, there is no news of interest at all, except, oh yes of course there's that peculiarly good story they're telling that concerns you.

Daryll

Concerns me, Pigott, Oh let us hear it. (//)

Lord J.

(Outside) That's my boy's voice, I recognize it. No more

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wine, James.

(Enters followed by Dolly; he embraces Daryll affectionately.)

Oh, you prodigal, you prodigal. How many more fatted calves must I slay for thee?

Daryll

None dear father, none.

Lord L.

Ah, then you have come home to stay, Daryll?

Daryll

Well, not exactly, father. I can only stop half an hour, then I 'm off again for several weeks.

Lord L.

No, no, Daryll, not again so soon.

Daryll

I can't help it father.

Lord L.

(Taking him down stage.)

Can't help it, yes, yes, that's what I fear you distress me, you alarm me, Daryll.

Daryll

(With assumed gayety.)

What, because I'm going away for a few weeks father?

Lord L.

Do not trifle with me, my son, you know what I fear, what I dread; you ~~have~~ know our family history ~~have~~ you not?

Daryll

(With his eyes on the ground.)

Yes, father.

Lord L.

You know our family's curse, the hereditary taint. Has it skipped two generations and then fallen on you, my favorite child?

Daryll

(After struggle) Oh, no, no, father, not that, not that.

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Lord L.

Thank God, you tell me so and I must believe you, Daryll.

Mabel

Daryll, you've had no dinner.

Daryll

No Mabel, I've had no time.

Mabel

How thoughtless we all are (ringing bell) and how hungry you must be, Daryll.

Daryll

(With assumed gaiety.)

Well, I am a bit pecked sister mine.

(Enter James the footman.)

Mabel

James, some dinner for Captain Harcourt immediately.

James

Yes, my lady. (Going L. H.)

Pigott

I'm not a medical man, Harcourt, but if I were, I'd prescribe a drink for you first. You seem very nervous.

Daryll

(Eagerly) Yes, a drink, that's an excellent idea Pigott.

Mabel

(To James) James, while dinner is being served, bring some sherry here.

Daryll

No sherry Mabel, it disagrees with me. Bring in some brandy, James.

James

Yes, Captain.

(Exit L. H. Lord L. is down L. H. watching Daryll nervously. Ethel R. H. Daryll C. Pigott L. C. and Mabel leaning over Lady S.'s arm chair.)

Lady S.

Yes, Daryll, sherry's quite gone out of fashion now. Young





men are all for brandy. When I was a girl, a gentleman would as soon have thought of calling for cod liver oil as brandy before dinner"

Daryll

Remember, aunt, this is an age of progress.

(James enters with salver on which is decanter and several glasses.)

Lady S.

Progress indeed. I think it is a very dull, stupid and vicious age.

Daryll

Then, auntie, we'll drink to its improvement.

(Pours out glass of brandy.)

Father, won't you join me?

Lord L.

No Daryll, I have dined.

Daryll

Then Dolly, you look miserable enough.

Dolly

(With shudder.)

Thanks, no. I've just drank half a bottle of port.

Daryll

You of course will Pigott, since you prescribed it.

Pigott

Doctors are not bound to take their own prescriptions.

Daryll

Then I must drink alone. Auntie, improvement to the age. (drinks) That's exquisite brandy. Father, there's no bracer like brandy when drunk in moderation. When one is full of care and trouble, bring forth the eau de vie.

Lord L.

(On one side of him.)

Why should you of all men be full of care my son?

Mabel

(On the other side.)

Of trouble either dear Daryll. (Looking from him to Ethel)



Lord L.

I'm sure your regiment cannot worry you; you have the kindness of Colonels who let's you do as you please.

Daryll

Because I am the son of the oldest and dearest friend, father.

Mabel

And what are your troubles, Daryll?

Ethel

(Coming close to him.)

Cannot those who love you, share them, Daryll?

Daryll

Ethel, I believe in asking those we love to share our happiness, not to divide our sorrows.

(Mabel rings bell.) (Laughing with forced gayety.)

But there, my troubles good folks, are only business ones. I'm trying to make a fortune and leave the army and by all the signs and tokens I'm going to do it too.

(Enter James.)

Mabel

Captain Harcourt's dinner.

James

In three minutes, my lady.

(Exit C.)

Pigott

Three minutes! that will just give me time for that interesting story I was about to tell you.

Daryll

(Insignificantly.)

Oh yes, the one you said that concerned me.

Lord

Concerns you Daryll? What story is that Sir Percival?



really Lord Ledbury.

Pigott

(~~After drinking again with Daryll very deliberately.~~)  
Well, ~~Harcourt~~, I hardly know that I am justified in saying  
that the story actually concerns ~~you~~.  
Daryll.

Daryll

(~~C. and back leaning against matlepiece.~~)  
Oh, cut your explanations Pigott, and come to the story.

Pigott

Precisely, ~~dear box~~, Well, two of our chaps, Beazley and  
Newcome have become very serious of late--

Daryll

Beazley and Newcome- serious- that's particularly good.  
(Laughs.)

Pigott

And as they believe in works as well as faith, they have  
taken to "Slumming."

Lady S.

"Slumming" good gracious whatever is that?

Daryll

My dear aunt, "Slumming" in London means visiting the slums  
and patronizing the poor found in them.

Pigott

However, Beazley and Newcome have taken quite seriously to  
their new vocation and ~~the~~ one or night they returned from  
the slums to the club with a most extraordinary story.

Daryll

This is getting interesting.

Pigott

This evening they had visited the slums near Drury Lane  
(Daryll starts) and there met a well known society man.

Mabel

Who was also slumming-

Pigott

No, pardon me lady, Mabel- who was evidently at home in the  
vile neighborhood and who was apparently leading a double  
life.





(1)

handsome artist lived somewhere in Ioho spent his money in Drury Lane when the drinking fever was on him, and when it left him he went back to his studio. That is what they said in Drury Lane.

(2)

person known as an artist in Drury Lane and who leads a double life, is a - well - personal friend of your sons, a famous officer of Cavalry and a member of several of the same clubs as Captain Harcourt.

Lord L.

(Sinking into chair- aside.)

Oh no, it cannot be.

(3)

Daryll

(With his hand on Lord L.'s shoulder.)

A very good story indeed Pigott, but as old as the hills and most easy of explanation.

Lord L.

(Quickly) How do you explain it, Daryll?



Ethel

How strange!

Daryll

An optical delusion I should fancy.

Pigott

The society man was dressed like a poor artist, but the stamp of gentleman was all over him.

Lord I.

Did your friends not speak to him, Pigott?

Pigott

Well, my lord, he was hardly in a condition to be spoken to. However, when Beazley and Newcome reported this curious affair at the Club, we formed a little party for the following night.

Lady S.

And all went slumming. You horrid things.

Pigott

Precisely, Lady Sunburst. But when we got to Drury Lane, the bird had flown. We made inquiries of the police and even in the groggeries and all we could learn was that the poor, handsome artist was a victim to alcohol and when the fit was on him spent his money in Drury Lane he worked soberly enough at his studio in Soho.

Lord I.

(Coldly) But, Sir Percival Pigott, you said this story concerned my son. Pardon me, sir, but I fail to see the connection.

Pigott

Only this, my Lord, if the whole thing is not, as Daryll says, an optical delusion then the society man who leads a double life is a personal friend of your son's, an officer is the same regiment and member of several of the same clubs.

Daryll. (3)

I fancy Pigott, our friend like so many other people in the world has his double.

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Daryll

The man from the West end has a double in Soho, and the artist a double in the West end. There have been thousands of such cases.

Pigott

That's the easiest explanation I know of, Harcourt, and I forced it on Beazley and Newcome who promised to leave Drury Lane alone and slum somewhere else in the future.

Daryll

(Aside to him.) You did, and why?

Pigott

Because I thought it for the best, Harcourt.

Ethel

(Aside to him.) Sir Percival, I shall never forgive you for telling that dreadful story.

Pigott

My dear, Miss Vyvian.

Mabel

(Aside) Sir Percival, you had an object in telling that story.

Pigott

If so, Lady Mabel, only a good one I assure you.

Daryll

(Aside, still leaning over father's chair.)  
Is Pigott trying to warn me, or is he my enemy?

Pigott

A little brandy after the nauseous subject please.

Daryll

Certainly.

(Crossing to C.)

Help yourself Pigott.

(Pigott does so.)

Pigott

Will you not join me Harcourt?



Daryll

Oh, certainly.

(Fills glass, raises it, then pauses- looks at Pigott)  
(Enter James quickly.)

James

Captain Harcourt's dinner is served.

Daryll

(Nervously hesitating.)

No, no, no! Yes, that is as dinner is not yet ready.

(He pours out brandy and is about to drink when James enters.)

James

Captain Harcourt's dinner is served my lady.

Daryll

(Looks at glass excitedly.)

(Laying down glass untouched.)

Percival Pigott, you think you know me, perhaps. Remember, I know you now. Come Mabel, help me to make a dinner.

(She takes his arm. Mabel and Daryll C. Lord L. I. H. Lady S. and Dolly R. H. and Pigott and Ethel at back while James stands at door L. H. ready to follow Mabel and Daryll.)

\*-\* C U R T A I N -\*\*









PS 3500  
A/H5

\*-\* HIS DOUBLE LIFE -\*\*

-\*- A C T II -\*-







-\*- A C T II -\*-

S C E N E 1st:

A court off Drury Lane. Time 10 P.M. Exterior of low groggery. Archway R.H. leading into Drury Lane and wide exit L.U.E. The groggery is called the "Happy Home" and back and on either side of it is a pawnbroker's and a bakery. Both are closed but the light from the groggery and the street lamp reveal the character of the shops. Noise of loud and angry voices proceed from groggery as the curtain rises. It increases in volume until officer 1276 comes and listens at door.

Officer

The 'ole police sustem of this 'ere big, blooming city's wrong. The hidea of allowing such a pestilential nuisance as this ere "Appy Ome" to be open. In hall Drury Lane there ain't a viler den. When the customers is broke they fight with the landlord for free drinks and gets 'em too. If the H'inspector would only give me authority, I'd run every one of 'em in, landlord, bar-men and customers.

(Looking about)

Yes! Yes! in a nice situation; just between the bread-shop and the pawnbroker's. Blest if I 'aven't seen an "Appy Omer" wot had eat nothing for two days take hoff his westkit, shove it in there - (Pointing to pawnbroker's) for half a crown, spend hevery penny of it there (Pointing to groggery) without heven dreaming of buying a loaf of bread there - (Pointing to bread-shop) for his self, his wife or his starving children. I likes my glass with the best on 'em, but when I sees the misery caused by the "Appy Ome" I feels like taking the pledge and being a total habjurer for hever and hever.

(Noise heard again outside. It increases in volume, then sounds of blows and falls and then quiet once more.)

There go the "Appy Omera". Black heyes and bloody noses of course.

(Peeping in at door)



No free drinks to-night, for they've got a victim, and blest if it ain't that poor artist gentleman on his period-hi-cal spree. It's a wonder they ain't killed him afore this; but he's a tough customer when his blood's hup and I've seen 'im sail hin and lick half a dozen "Appy Omers" in the twinkling of a heye.

(Enter Marge Bull through arch R.H. Madge is a very handsome young woman but with glaring signs of vulgarity and dissipation in her dress and manners. She half opens groggery door and looks in)

Officer

Looking for your man, Madge?

Madge

I'm looking for my gentleman.

Officer

Madge, I stands keerected. He his a gentleman when he leaves the bottle alone.

Madge

He's a gentleman drunk or sober.

Officer

Right you are again, Madge; but why don't you keep him sober?

Madge

If he was sober for three days he'd leave no track with the likes o' me.

Officer

I expect you're right again, Madge.

Madge

I can hear his voice. He's treating all hands. I'll go in and fetch him out.

Officer

Now don't try to do nothing of the kind. A petticoat in there'll raise a row. You've tried it afore, Madge.

Madge

What am I to do?





Officer

Go away and come back again. He'll come out when he's spent his money and then you can take him 'ome quiet and decent like.

Madge

(Again looking in) But I don't like seeing my gentleman, my handsome Frank hob-nobbing with roughs and thieves. Maybe they'll hurt him or kill him.

Officer

Don't 'ave no fear on that account. He can look after hisself in there and I'll keep my heye on him when he comes out.

Madge

(Going L.H.) Thank you, officer, I'll come back again. Don't let any harm come to my gentleman. He's all I care for in the world now. (Exit L.H.)

Officer

That was a nice, smart girl once and not so very long ago either. Why when she was in the Ballet at the Lane the West H'end swells went wild over her. I suppose that was the trouble, that and the 'Appy 'Ome business. (Going R.H.) 'Ow did she hever get hold of that gentleman hartist. 'If Scotland Yard only knew my hintellectual capacity they'd make me a detective - then I'd get at his mystery and perhaps send 'im back to a real 'appy'ome. (Exit R.H.)

(Loud noise inside groggery. Cries of "pickpocket, thief" etc. etc. and landlord in apron runs out holding Tommy Sikes, a boy, by the collar. They are followed by a crowd of roughs young and old.)

Landlord

You're a young thief.

Tommy

I ain't no thief.

Omnes

Yes he is. Run him in, guv'nor.

Landlord

Didn't I see you grab that Melton Mowbray pie and them sandwiches, and ain't you got them in your pockets now?



Tommy

Well, I was agoing to pay for 'em.

Omnes

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Landlord

Where's your money?

Tommy

(Feeling in pockets)

It's been stolen out of my pocket.

Omnes

Ho! Ho! Ho!

Landlord

That's too blooming thin. Here officer - (Calling off R.H.)  
Here's a young thief wot I wants arrested.

Officer

(Entering R.H.) Who's he robbed? Some of these elegant gentlemen, eh?

Landlord

No, he robbed me.

(Enter Daryll Harcourt as Frank Rollins, the artist. He is dressed picturesquely but shabbily, in velvet coat with large turn down collar. He has a beard of a week's growth and in every way presents the strongest possible contrast to his appearance in the first act. He is under the influence of liquor and half staggers as he comes down stage violently separating landlord and Tommy)

Frank

You're a liar; that boy's no thief.

Landlord

Who's a liar?

Frank

You are!

Landlord

Oh, it's you, Mr. Rollins; you're a privileged character.



Frank

Yes, I've paid for my privileges; therefore I say that boy is no thief and you're a liar.

Omnes

Shame! Shame!

Frank

(Laughing rather wildly)

Ha, ha! Shame! Ha, ha!

Landlord

Did you hear him call me a liar, officer?

Officer

I 'eard what the gentleman said and I happeciates the hobbservation.

Omnes

Ha, ha, ha!

Landlord

The boy's got the stolen goods in his possession.

(Trying to grab the contents of Tommy's pocket, but Tommy clings desperately to them)

Frank

(Taking him down stage L.H.)

Tommy are you a thief?

Tommy

I never was afore to-day, sir.

Frank

What have you stolen, Tommy?

Tommy

A Melton Mowbray pie and some sandwiches, sir.

Frank

Were you so hungry, Tommy?

Tommy

Not myself, sir, but my little brother Jimmy and my little sister Katie ain't eat nothing in two days, sir.



Frank

(Aside) Poor little devils. (Aloud) Officer, you needn't arrest this boy, he's no thief; but you can arrest the landlord for defamation of character if you like.

Omnes

Ha, ha, ha!

Landlord

Vell vot himpudence! Did you hear him, officer?

Officer

I 'eard and happeciated 'im, landlord.

Frank

What's the value of the pie and sandwiches this boy took and forgot to pay for?

Landlord

Eighteen pence to you, sir.

Frank

And a shilling to anybody else. There's your money. I just owe Tommy one and sixpence for odd jobs.

(Counting out money; Aside)

It's the last penny I've got.

Landlord

(Taking money and going into groggery)

Don'tt you never come into my place any more, Tommy Sikes.

(Exit)

Frank

No, don't.

(Officer and all but the roughs go off L.U.E.)

Tommy, go home and feed little what's-their-names.

Tommy

(Going L.H.) Yes sir.

Frank

And Tommy, you'll never steal again, will you?

Tommy

Never again - never. God bless you sir.

(Bursts out crying and runs off L.H.)





Frank

(Showing influence of drink more than ever)

No, no, don't bless me. Can't stand it. I wasn't made to be blessed. I was born to be a curse and to be cursed.

(Staggers and finally clings to lamp-post in front of pawnbroker's shop) (Enter Duffy and Simmons, two roughs, R. H.)

1st. Simmons

Let's grab his watch and bolt.

2nd. Duffy

Devil a watch has he got. Didn't I see him pawn it this morning?

1st. Simmons

Well, he's got a handsome breast-pin what ought to be worth a couple of quid to us.

Duffy

True for yez; but remember he's as strong as a bull when he's sober.

1st. Simmons

Yes, but he's blooming drunk now.

(Simmons gets behind Frank as though to grab him and Duffy in front to grab breast-pin. As soon however as the men touch him, Frank rouses himself and has short but terrific struggle with them. He throws them off and with a powerful right hander knocks 1st. Simmons down R.H., then quick as lightning turns and knocks Duffy down L.H. The latter gives loud cry as he falls which brings officer on from R.H.)

Frank

And these are the wretches I've been spending my money on. Oh, fool! imbecile! when will it all end?

Officer

What's the matter sir?

Frank

These ruffians tried to rob me.

Officer

(As men rise) That's just what I've been waiting for. I'll run them, you must make the charge and appear against them.



Frank

Appear against them - where?

Officer

At Bon Street police court.

Frank

Oh, no, no, no! Besides they robbed me of nothing.

(Finding his pin still in his scarf)

Officer

Oh, very well, sir, just as you like. Now move on you two, and thank your lucky stars as you ain't going to do six months at the bread-mill.

1st. Simmons

We didn't mean no harm officer, only in fun.

2nd. Duffy

(Going) (With hand to jaw) "Howdy Moses he's broken the jaw of me" (Exeunt R.H.)

Officer

Excuse me, sir; but hadn't you better go 'ome.

Frank

"Home!" Who told you I had a home?

Officer

Vell, I mean, sir, the place where you lives.

Frank

I don't live anywhere. I only exist on sufferance. There, leave me alone like a good fellow.

(Feeling his pocket)

I haven't got a penny or I'd tip you, officer.

Officer

Wouldn't take it if you had, sir. (Going) Well, it was beautiful the way he landid his right and left. I knew he was a gentleman born and bred. I could tell by the way he put his 'ands up. (Exit R.H.)

Frank

That little excitement done me good; but it's made me precious thirsty. I must have a drink; I wonder if they'd



trust me at the "Happy Home." I'll try it anyhow.

(Goes into public place)

(Enter Madge L.H.)

Madge

I must get him home now or he'll be ill. Then the change will come and I won't see him for weeks. (Looks into public) There he is still. If I only dare go in.

(Loud noise inside)

Frank

(Inside) You ungrateful dog. Refuse me, you cur. (At door) No; I won't take it now. Let me go or I'll brain you.

(Music as of a fall and enter Frank in great excitement)

No money, no drink. Oh, serves me right. Yet if I don't get some drink I'll do something violent. I feel the fever in my blood, the fire in my brain.

(Staggers against lamp-post again)

Madge

(Approaching him timidly)

Frank, dear Frank.

Frank

Frank, who's Frank. Oh, it's Madge. What are you doing here?

Madge

Looking for you, Frank.

Frank

I told you to wait for me at home.

Madge

I have been waiting all day, Frank. You know you said you were going to work to-day; so I tidied up the studio, washed the brushes, stretched your canvass and got everything ready for a sober day's work.

Frank

Sober? Ha, ha! Much you see of me when I'm sober.

Madge

Yes, Frank; but that will be all changed now.



Frank

Changed! Why changed?

Madge

(Aside) I daren't tell him now. (Aloud) I mean that I'm to watch you paint. You know I was to be your model for Cleopatra.

Frank

Cleopatra? - Phyne you mean.

Madge

What's that Frank?

Frank

Never mind, you wouldn't understand.

(Passes his hand across his brow as if in pain)

Madge

What's the matter, Frank?

Frank

Matter? My tongue is cleaving to my mouth; my brow is burning.

(Madge takes out her handkerchief as though to put it across his brow: he waves her off but not unkindly)

Frank

Leave me alone, woman. I must have some drink.

Madge

Oh, Frank, have you spent ten pounds since this morning?

Frank

Yes and more too. I pawned my watch for drink. Ha, ha! for drink.

Madge

I spent all the money I had in buying things for our dinner and now it's all cold and spoiled.

Frank

I'm sorry for that, Madge; but I can enjoy a cold supper.

Madge

Oh no, Frank, I'll warm it up, and with some fresh made tea it will do very nicely. So come along, Frank.





Frank

Not yet. I'll be home presently. I must get a drink somewhere.

(Staggers about while Madge remains in back-ground and finally is going off R.H. when he meets Sir Percival Pigott. Pigott is in evening dress with overcoat. Frank does not recognize him but finding his way barred waves him aside.)

Pigott

(Aside) At last! At last! What a change - what a wreck. If Ethel could only see him now.

Frank

Let me pass, sir.

Pigott

(Holding out his hand)

Why, Harcourt, don't you know me?

Frank

(Staggered - aside)

It's Pigott.

(Assuming a French accent)

Monsieur has the advantage of me. I know no Harcourt.

Bon soir, Monsieur Bon soir

(Staggers about and finally runs off L. H.)

Pigott

I can't be mistaken though he did it well this woman seems to take some interest in him (to Madge) Do you know that gentleman?

Madge

Well, I ought- he's my -- friend

Pigott

And mine too.

Madge

(Suspiciously.) Then what's his name?

Pigott

Names are of no consequence in these places (offering her money) But if you are his friend you can serve him and perhaps yourself too.



Madge

How?

Pigott

By telling me where he lives.

(Again offering her money.)

Madge

(Hesitating.) Frank wants money. (Aloud) You look like a gentleman, and I'll tell you. (taking money) His address is Berkeley Buildings Joho. But you don't mean him any harm, sir.

Pigott

(Making note of address.)

None in the least my good girl. How long have you known him?

Madge

That's none of your business. Here's your money back.

Pigott

No, no, it doesn't matter in the least. Will he be at home to-night?

Madge

Yes sir, sure.

Pigott

Thank you, that will do. (Going) Now for Lady Mabel. What will she say?

(Exit R. H.)

Madge

Have I done right? Oh, perhaps they will take him from me. Then I am lost and there's nothing for me but the river, the river!

(Enter Frank L. H.)

Frank

They've refused me everywhere, the ungrateful brutes. The pawnshop is shut for there's nothing open but the gin palace.

Madge

Frank! (Touching his arm.)



Frank

What? not gone home yet?

Madge

No Frank, I've got some money for you.

(Offering the sovereign Pigott gave her.)

Frank

Where did you get it?

Madge

No matter, take it.

Frank

Yes, yes, that will buy me some drink and set me up again. But they won't serve me there. Here Madge, go in and buy a bottle of brandy. Make them draw the cork, but don't bother about glasses.

Madge

And then we'll go home, Frank.

Frank

Yes, yes certainly.

(Exit Madge into groggery.)

Frank

Ha, ha, some drink at last. I'll straighten up now, have a good night's rest and to-morrow- to-morrow, yes to-morrow I'll end t his folly, and go home to the dear old father, to Mabel and to Ethel- Ethel! Oh, no I can never look her in the face again. What keeps Madge? Where's the brandy the brandy.

(Staggers to goggery door as Madge comes out bottle on hand.)

Frank

(Seizing bottle.) Ah, that's right, Madge. (Drinking) You're a good girl. Don't know what I should do without you.

(Noise of carriage wheels heard outside and Lady Mabel and Pigott enter R. H. but keep near wing to end of scene.)

Pigott

Lady Mabel, I've done the best I could to prepare you. I would have spared you if possible.



Mabel

No, no, I must know the worst. It is he, it is my brother.  
(Bursting into tears.)

Officer

(Entering at back.)

I thought that carriage belonged to swells. Well if I ain't the best 'and at putting two and two together in the force. Them swells as come to look after Mr. Rollins and I pities 'em, especially that lovely lady.

Frank

That's villianous brandy, Madge, but I suppose it's the best you could get in this place.

(Reeling and falling against Madge.)

Mabel

Let me go to him, let me go to my brother.

Pigott

Oh, no, no Lady Mabel, not here, it would only create a scandal. I have his address and we can visit him there.

Officer

(Aside) If he'd only have a fit, I'll take him to the hospital and they might cure him altogether there. But he never gets as far as that, worse luck, poor gentleman.

Frank

(His manner entirely changed now. Pulling money out of his pocket.)

What's all this silver?

Madge

I t's the change out of the soverign Frank.

Frank

Where did you ~~get~~ the money?

Madge

What ~~does it~~ matter?

Frank

Much, take it back. It's the price of your shame, I know it is. Oh God, have I come to this? Have I sunk so low?





Sovereign, what sovereign? I gave you none. I hadn't a penny; where did you get this money?

Madge

Oh, never mind. It served your purpose, Frank.

Frank

Served my purpose, "yes! yes! I bought drink with it. Brandy, this brandy. I say where did you get this money?

Madge

Oh, what does it matter?

Frank

Matter! Matter! To you, nothing! To me, everything! I know now; take it back. Its touch is poison. It is the wages of sin; the price of your shame. Oh God! Have I come to this? Have I sunk so low as to live upon a woman's infamy. Then indeed I am accursed among men.

(Throwing down bottle and casting away money in the air)  
Take it back! Take it back. It blisters my hand; it

sears my soul; take it back. *Reels and falls in Madge's arms. Picture: Change of Scene.*



To live on a woman's infamy? Then I am accursed indeed. There, there, take it back, take it back.

(He dashes the bottle to the ground and it smashes, and then throws money high in the air, and reeling as if he would fall is caught in Madge's arms as scene closes in.)

S C E N E II:\*

Street in L.)

(Enter Officer.)

Officer

Why ain't I a private detective with my h'intellect and facilities, I could make a fortune and do some good in the world too. I knowed that Mr. Rollins was no broken down artist. He's an aristocrat and them was his friends. Well, I only hopes they will save him. That's the worst wish I 'as for the gentleman. Here they come now on foot sent their carriage 'ome I suppose.

(Enter L. H. Lady Mabel and Pigott.)

Pigott

Are we going the right way to Berkeley Buildings Ioho, Officer?

Officer

Yes sir, I'm going in that direction myself and if you'll follow me, you won't get molested.

Pigott

Thank you.

(Exit Officer R. H.)

Mabel

Now I understand poor papa's nameless dread. The curse of our race is on my poor brother.

Pigott

But the curse may be removed, Lady Mabel, it is not like insanity. Active service would inspire him and save him.



Mabel

Very likely, but let us follow the officer, surely I have yet some influence over Daryll. Who could, who should save him but his sister. (Exeunt R. H.)

S C E N E III:\*

Scene shows whole of studio and part of bed-room L. H. In centre is easel and the walls are adorned with rough sketches. There are no windows in room, but skylight, leading to which C. and back is short staircase. Lounge L. H. on which Daryll is sleeping as scene opens.)

(Enter Madge door R. H. seeing Frank on sofa she comes quickly down stage.)

Madge

He did come then, I feared he would wander away and then I shouldn't see him again for weeks. But he mustn't leave me now, no I won't have it. If he goes, I go with him. (Changing her tone.) And I do love him so much. Frank, dear Frank, my Frank, I must unfasten his collar.

(She does so and he wakes up.)

So you did come home, Frank dear?

Frank

Yes, I came home. I drank and drank till I got sober again.

(She offers to embrace him, but he avoids her, goes into bed-room and is seen to be changing his coat and vest.)

Madge

(Tossing her head.)

He's got his cold fit on now, my fine gentleman. Frank, you're not going out again.

Frank

(Coming out of bed-room.)

Yes, I'm going to another quarter of the town, I have business.





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Madge

Yes, Frank Rollins; rights! My rights!

Frank

Rights! indeed! Do you remember what you are-- what you have been; and talk to me of rights.

Madge

Yes, I talk to you of rights- (Pause) The rights of a lawful wedded wife.



Madge

Business, at this hour?

Frank

Yes, even at this hour.

Madge

(Facing him and standing between him and the outside door.)

Then, I'll go with you.

Frank

(In amazement) You go with me?

(Pause, then laughing bitterly.)

Ha, ha, Madge, you're crazy.

(Goes back to bed-room to get hat.)

Madge

No, I'm not crazy. But I'm tired of being treated like a dog, caressed one moment and despised the next. If you go out of this house to-night, I go with you; I'll have my rights.

Frank

(Comes out with hat in his hand.)

Rights, Madge, what do you mean by rights?

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Madge

~~The rights of a lawful wedded wife.~~

Daryll

(Starting back in horror for the moment.)

Wife, wife,

(Then laughing bitterly again.)

Madge, a moment ago I asked you if you were crazy, I did not mean it then, but now I must ask are you mad or drunk?

Madge

Neither, Frank Rollins, I am quite sane and quite sober and stand here as your lawful wedded wife.

(Holding up her left hand to his face and pointing to wedding ring.)





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Madge

(Sneeringly) Memories are treacherous sometimes. I see yours needs refreshing. Frank, (taking out paper from her bosom and handing it to him.)

Here's a little piece of paper that records one of the most important acts of your life dear Frank. ♥

Frank

(Takes her hand and looks at wedding ring, then contemptuously lets hand drop.)

Bah, a ring, a toy to be bought for a few shillings.

(Crosses her to R. H.)

Madge

(Seizing his arm.)

Frank Rollins, you are mine for better or for worse till death do us part.

Frank

Madge, stop this folly and let me go.

Madge

You will not remember, or is it that you can't? ~~Then read this.~~ θ

(Taking paper out of her bosom and handing it to him.)

Frank

(Holding paper but without unfolding it.)

What's this?

Madge

Read, and you'll see.

Frank

(Unfolds paper and reads.)

Certificate of marriage between Frank Rollins aged 28 and Margaret Bell aged 22.

(Looking at paper in awful horror.)

This is a lie, a trick. I could not- you dare not.

(Dropping paper to floor.)

Madge

I t is no lie, no trick. (Picking up.) My dear husband.

Frank

Husband! husband! oh God, what have I done, what have I done? (Looks about) Wife! My wife!

(Gives despairing cry and throws his arm over easel.)

Madge

This a nice honeymoon, ain't it? Frank, where's the wedding breakfast and the bridesmaids? Never mind, we'll have a banquet at Richmond to-morrow and go to Paris afterwards.



Frank

(Turning round very slowly and deliberately.)

When did this thing happen?

Madge

What? don't you remember Frank, dear?

Frank

(Fiercely) I say woman, when did this happen?

Madge

Yesterday morning at half past ten, the date's on the certificate at the Register's office in Russell Square.

Frank

Yesterday? I know no yesterday, no to-day, no to-morrow. For days, for weeks, for years it seems I have been without reason, without a mind, without a soul. The black pall of fate has enshrouded me and I am lost, lost forever more. Oh father, oh Mabel, oh Ethel.

Madge

(Frightened at his passion.)

Frank, Frank, I'll be a good wife, I'll be your slave.

Frank

Why did you do this?

Madge

I wanted to be made an honest woman.

Frank

And for that you have ruined me body and soul.

Madge

(Dropping on her knees at his feet.)

Oh, no, Frank, it was because I loved you.

Frank

(Standing over her threateningly.)

Woman, if I killed you for this, I would be forgiven; if I took your life here in this vile den to which you lured me, it would be no sin, no crime, but justice, holy retribution.

Madge

(Rising to her feet.)

Then take my life, do it if you dare.







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Madge

Leave this place. By what right do you come between  
us. He does not leave this house without me, Ma'am.

Daryll

Dare, dare, woman.

(After struggle with himself.)

Oh, no, no, there's murder in my heart, in my soul, but only there, thank God, thank God.

(With arms in air. The door R. H. opens and Mabel and Pigott enter. Pause on picture for a moment and Daryll turns his head and seeing Mabel, gives scream then bursts into tears, falls on knees at lounge and in shame buries his face in it. Mabel moves towards him and her mantle falls to ground showing her to be in magnificent dinner dress with jewels &c.)

Frank

(Recognizing her with shriek.)

Oh, no, no, no Mabel not here.

Mabel

Daryll, my brother, I have come to save you.

Frank

Too late, too late, Mabel, I am lost beyond redemption. I have brought shame upon myself, upon you, upon all.

Mabel

It is never too late, Daryll, come leave this place.

Madge

(Coming forward.) ~~Not without me, no! an.~~ <sup>#</sup>

Mabel

Who is this woman, Daryll?

Madge

Woman, I am his wife. His lawful wedded wife.

Mabel

Wife, oh Daryll, my brother. This cannot be! Wife!

(Bursts into tears.)

(aside) Pigott

Calm yourself Lady Mabel, his wife, then Mabel is mine.

Madge

Frank

Lady Mabel, then perhaps you're a Lord, and I'm a countess. They told me when I was in the ballet at the Lane I was born



for greatness and I've got it. Come my lord, come husband, we'll go home.

(Frank has gone to the back, leaving Mabel and Madge in C. of stage.)

Mabel

You cannot go with us, madam.

Madge

Why not? I am his wife, where he goes, I go, that is the law.

Pigott

Let us leave them, Lady Mabel, we can do no good now.

Mabel

Oh, no, no, Daryll must come.

Madge

So I am your laduship's sister. Well, I am proud, and since we are sisters, Mabel, give sister Madge a loving sister's kiss.

(As she goes to embrace Mabel, Frank rushes down-getting between them.)

Mabel! Mabel, my sister! the horror - the shame, but it must not touch you. (To Madge)

Away woman! You have ruined me; don't dare to pollute her.

-- P I C T U R E --

----- C U R T A I N -----









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✓  
\*-\* HIS DOUBLE LIFE -\*\*

\*-\* ACT III -\*\*







\*-\*- A C T    I I I    \*-\*

S C E N E    I : \*

The drawing room as in Act 1st.  
Lapse of one week.

D i s c o v e r e d : \*    Dolly Ponsonby.

Dolly

What a change in a few days. The house of joy turned into the home of mourning. Poor, poor Daryll, Poor Lord Ledbury poor Mabel, poor Ethel, poor everybody. And a fellow can't do anything about it; that's the worst feature in the case. If one moves in the matter, the ghosts of society will get hold of the story, then publicity, then scandal, then shame and broken hearts. Oh, I would like to do something, break somebody's head, pull somebody's nose, or do something heroic.

(Enter Mabel L. H.)

Mabel

Oh, Dolly, how good of you to come.

Dolly

How good of you to send for me Mabel.

Mabel

You read the whole of my long letter Dolly?

Dolly

Every word, three times over.

Mabel

And don't you feel like cutting me and breaking off your engagement?

Dolly

Oh, Mabel, do I feel like breaking my own heart and blasting my life forever?

Mabel

But Dolly, think of the shame that's come upon us.

Dolly



Dolly

No shame, Mabel, misfortune. Daryll's a victim, a most unhappy one and we suffer because we love him.

Mabel

(Embracing and kissing him)

Oh, Dolly, what a comfort you are to me.

Dolly

Am I really, Mabel?

Mabel

(Kissing him several times)

Yes, darling you are; my precious, indeed, indeed you are sweetheart.

Dolly

That's right, Mabel, call me pet names. They sound so nice on your lips. But how changed you are, Mabel.

Mabel

Yes, dear, my pride has had a fall and I'm going to look up to you in future, Dolly, because you're to be a little hero.

Dolly

Oh, Mabel, I always wanted to be a hero.

Mabel

And now's your chance.

Dolly

Well, what am I to do?

Mabel

Go to that horrid place in Drury Lane that I mentioned in my letter, learn all you can about Daryll and then to that horrid place in Ioho and find out all you can about that creature. It seems too dreadful to think that Daryll should be tied to her all his life.

Dolly

So it does, I'm off now. I'm a born detective, I feel it.

Mabel

Oh, Dolly, you mustn't go now. It's daylight. No detect-





ive work ever was done except at night. And you must be mysterious. Now promise me that you will be mysterious, Dolly.

Dolly

Mabel, I'll shroud myself in a pall of inky mystery. But tell me, do you think Pigott's intentions were good in taking you to those places that night?

Mabel

(Hasitatingly) I think so Dolly.

Dolly

Then I dōn't. I think he had a mean and vile purpose in it. You say he loves Ethel. I think he loves her money more and hopes to get it by ruining Daryll. I believe Pigott to be a coward and a sneak, and I'll prove it too.

Mabel

Dolly, I almost think you're right. I'm getting to have such a respect for your opinion now that you're a little hero.

Dolly

But I ain't a hero yet.

Mabel

But you will be, it's all the same.

Dolly

If I ain't, it won't be for want of trying, Mabel.

Mabel

Ah, Dolly, that's the way to talk, pet.

(Kissing and embracing him again)

(Enter Lady Sunburst hastily L.H. - she stops abruptly at seeing Mabel and Dolly)

Lady S.

Can you people do nothing but spoon?

Mabel

(Without letting go of Dolly)

Oh, Aunt, we're talking business.

Dolly

Most important business Lady Sunburst.



Lady S.

So I should think.

(Throwing herself into arm chair C.)

Oh, Mabel, why did you not confide in me? Do you think because I am a frivolous old woman at times and pretend to love fun and nonsense, which I really don't, that I have no care for the family honor and no love for my dear, dear Daryll?

Mabel

Oh Aunt how did you learn --

Lady S.

How? Everybody in London will know it by to-morrow.

Mabel

Oh what cruelty! But how how did he hear -

Lady S.

(Entergetically.) By the same wretched means that exposes every sacred secret and lays bare the skeleton in every household! There look in your journal of society that lives on scandal and fattens on infamy. Mabel, when I was a girl the writer of such things would have been chased down Bond Street, horsewhipped in Piccadilly and banished beyond the Pale of all decent people. There send Dolly away!

Mabel

(Who is C. and Dolly at her R.H. without looking at him.)

Go away Dolly!

Dolly

Well really Mabel!

Mabel

(Aside.) Come back when its dark and I'll give you your instructions.

Dolly.

(Going.) Very well Mabel - Ta - ta - LadySunburst - I'm so sorry -

Lady S.

Oh do go away Dolly.

(Exit DOLLY.)



Mabel

Auntie, you shouldn't be so abrupt with Dolly.

Lady S.

Oh, what's the use of him except to spoon with.

Mabel

Don't be so sure of that. He's going to find out all about Daryll and that womab.

Lady S.

He won't find out anything. He wouldn't know he was born if you didn't tell him so, fifty times a day.

Mabel

You'll find yourself mistaken in my Dolly.

Lady S.

Well I'm sure I hope so.

Mabel

But papa auntie does he know?

Lady S.

Know? Of course he knows. That thing, that paper that wretched rag was sent to him with the paragraph marked.

Mabel

What did he say?

Lady S.

He only turned deathly pale and cried out "Oh my son, my son!"

Mabel

Then he was not angry?

Lady S.

Angry? There's no room for anger where Daryll is concerned Don't we know that he is the wictim of the family curse. My poor boy!

Mabel

Where is papa now?

Lady S.

Gone to the office of that papa - but what satisfaction can



he hope from sneaks and cowards.

Mabel.

(Reading the paper.) The allusion is so direct there can be no mistake about its meaning. But who could have told the writer about my meeting with the woman?

Lady S.

Who indeed?

Mabel

(With half scream.) Nobody - nobody - but Sir Percival Pigott.

Lady S.

Pigott! Yes - yes to be sure. He is trying to win Ethel over the corpse of Daryll Harcourt's honor.

Mabel

Does Ethel know anything?

Lady S.

Nothing but that the barrier between her and Daryll is stronger than ever. Poor gentle, loving Ethel. Hark! She's coming now to see you. Tell her no more than you can help. I dare not see her again. Her eyes haunt me now.

(Exit R.H.)

(Mabel seating herself on sofa L.C. Enter ETHEL wearily and very pale L.H. At sight of Mabel she falls on her knees at sofa and bursts into wild tears.)

Mabel

Ethel, Ethel, my poor girl your sorrow almost makes me forget my own, and mine is deep enough. Heaven knows.

Ethel

But Mabel there is no mystery about your sorrow. You know what caused it what it's depth is - while I am treated like a child and only told that what I love is taken from me and that the hope of my life is shattered.

Mabel

Oh believe me dear Ethel, it is for the best. There is a gulf between you and Daryll that cannot be bridged.

Ethel

"Cannot" Oh Mabel what have I done?





Mabel.

You! Nothing except waste your tender loving heart.

Ethel

Waste! Mabel, no heart could be wasted on such a man as Daryll Harcourt. He is worthy all the best a woman can give.

Mabel.

He was, Ethel, nay is. The real Daryll Harcourt.

Ethel

There - there the mystery again. What do I know about the real Daryll. There is only one Daryll to me. The one I learned to love when a child, the one I have been engaged to for three years.

Mabel

It is cruel Ethel but we must hope for the best.

Ethel.

There - there you speak in enigmas.

(Rising to her feet.)

One moment you talk about barriers and in the next speak to me of hope. Why do you not tell me the worst - the truth Has Daryll ceased to love me? Has somebody else stolen his heart from me?

Mabel

Oh, no no Ethel his heart always was and always will be yours.

(Enter SIR PERCIVAL PIGOTT R.H.)

Pigott

Pardon me ladies if I intrude.

Ethel

(Recovering herself rapidly.)

Not at all sir, you are as welcome as usual.

Pigott

(Aside.) That sounds promising. I wonder if she has heard. I better seize my opportunity. (Aloud) Lady Mabel, I came to speak a few words to Miss Vyvian--

Mabel

Oh, certainly Sir Percival. Shall I go Ethel?



Ethel

Yes, please do Mabel, I want to hear what Sir Percival has to say.

Mabel

(Going R. H. with newspaper in his hand.)

Sir Percival, your friends of the society Journal have lost no time.

Pigott

(Aside) The fools, have they published that story already?

(Aloud) I really haven't seen the paper yet, Lady Mabel.

(Exit Mabel R. H.)

Pigott

Miss Vyvian, I think you understand why I sought this interview?

Ethel

I think I do, Sir Percival.

Pigott

That makes my task the easier. I forbore to speak before, but now that obstacles, unsurmountable ones, have arisen to prevent your marriage with Captain Harcourt, I feel justified in pleading my own cause. Miss Vyvian, Ethel, I have loved you since I first had the happiness of knowing you. I bear an honored name, have an unsullied reputation and I ask you to be my wife.

Ethel

Sir Percival, you fancy you understand us women--

Pigott

Well, really--

Ethel

You talk of obstacles, but do not tell me what they are.

Pigott

I thought you understood.

Ethel

Possibly, I understand enough obstacles have arisen to prevent my marriage with Daryll Harcourt, but none have appeared or ever can to prevent me loving him.

(Enter DARYLL who remains at back.)



Ethel

I was brought up, I might almost say born to love my cousin and if, instead of the hero and gentleman I have always known him, he should become the basest of mankind and come to me stained with every crime, I should love him the more deeply because my love would be the more needful to him. Sir Percival, you have my answer.

Pigott

Miss Vyvian, I am bound to accept it. (aside) I have been too hasty; but time is on my side. Now for Madge Bell and Ioho. (aloud) Miss Vyvian, I take my leave and ask pardon for giving you pain.

(Exit R. H.)

Ethel

How my head aches. I am not strong enough for all this excitement.

(Reels and is apparently about to fall when Daryll runs down and catches her in his arms.)

Daryll

Ethel!

Ethel

(Recovering) Daryll!

(About to throw her arms round his neck when she remembers her position and gets out of his embrace.)  
Forgive me, but I am not well.

Daryll

(Passionately) Ethel, I heard what you said to Pigott, and if I loved you before how much--

(pauses- turning away.)

Oh God, what a heart I have lost, lost, lost forever.

Ethel

You must have thought me very unmaidenly Daryll- I did not know you were in the room - I - I.

(Swoons and is about to fall when Daryll catches her again.)

Daryll

Mabel, Mabel.

(Enter MABEL and LADY S.)

Ethel has fainted.



(Lady S. gives her smelling salts.)

Lady S.

Leave her to me, children.

(Daryll and Mabel set in background. Ethel recovers)  
Come child, you must lie down you have been overwrought.

Ethel

Yes, that's it aunt, I have been overwrought. I'll lie down if you'll come and put me to bed as you used to when I was a little child.

(Going with Lady S. but never turning round to see Daryll.)

Auntie, don't tell Daryll I fainted. He has so much sorrow of his own, he oughtn't to be disturbed by my little troubles.

Lady S.

No child, I'll tell him nothing.

(Exeunt L. H.)

Daryll

(Throwing himself into chair.)

Oh, Mabel, Mabel, my punishment is greater than I can bear. That poor girl's sorrow strikes at my heart and turns it dead as stone.

Mabel

You cannot help it, dear Daryll, you are a child of fate like poor Ethel, and who can fight his fate?

Daryll

Oh, no, no Mabel, that is a sophistry that pleases such cowards as I have been. It is like our poor father's talk of the family curse, the hereditary taint, vain, shallow pretense. God gave me health and strength and it was my duty to fight and resist. Yet what have I done? yielded like the coward that I was, because it was easier to submit than to struggle, and vice was so much cheaper than virtue. Mabel, I am not fit to exist. I have spent weeks, nay months among the scum of his great city; I have lived in the gutters, there, there let me die.

(Covering his face.)

Mabel

(Kneeling to him.)





Mabel

Daryll, Daryll, my brother; it is I Mabel, your sister, who speaks to you: I cannot see into the future; but believe me, this trial, this suffering is but a cleansing fire, out of which you will come purified and redeemed.

Daryll

(Rising to his feet.)

Oh, Mabel, you do not say your purity and goodness blind you think, think sister to what I have channed myself for life.

Mabel

I have thought, Daryll.

Daryll

Think of the sister I have brought to you, the daughter I have given my father Mabel, I have exchanged, Ethel, one of God's purest and fairest creatures for a thing so vile, that to name her in your presence is to spread a contagion. If you could see with my eyes and feel with my heart, you would shriek and cry as I do, God has no mercy left for such as me redemption has passed away forever and a shameful death is a righteous expiation.

(Going up stage as if to rush off.)

Mabel

(Clinging to him.)

Daryll, I do see with your eyes and feel with your heart, for I am your sister, and I say God has mercy left and will cover you with it. Daryll, one folly,

(he turns round to her.)

well on e crime cannot blot out the record of a noble life. You are my brother, your father's son, and where was there ever a better brother or a nobler son.

(Clinging to him.)

Daryll, you have two selves. You must, you shall throw away the vile one and return to your nobler nature.

Daryll

Ah, Mabel, Mabel, if I could but have your faith.

Mabel

You shall have it, Daryll (kissing him.) I'll breathe it into you. Daryll, you should have seen us here at home when the news came that you had won the Victoria Cross in the Soudan; Ethel and I toasted you at dinner, and drank to



the health of our hero brother. Papa seemed to tread on air and read the account till he knew it off by heart and we talked of your boyhood and your youth and remembered how though you were as strong as a young lion you were as gentle and tender as a dove. We could recall nothing that was not noble, gentle, generous and brave. Daryll, is such a life to be wasted for one error, one sin. No, a thousand times no, grace and mercy exist and you shall seize them. Oh, my brother!

Daryll

(Putting his hands to his eyes.)

h, Mabel, there are tears in my eyes where I thought they could never dare come again. You have breathed some of your faith into me. I will fight, I will struggle, I will beat down my enemy, I will conquer myself.

Mabel

Ah, Daryll, those are noble words, there your old spirit speaks. I will pray for you, and we will triumph.

Daryll

(Kissing him.) Dear noble girl.

(Looking at his watch.)

But I must dress, I have to make my appearance at the Colonels, and I have to see that woman.

Mabel

Is that necessary, Daryll?

Daryll

Yes dear, I must arrange with her and prevent her annoying you or my father.

Mabel

But had you not better send a friend or agent?

Daryll

No, no Mabel, I will see her myself, it will be for the last time. (Going L. H.) Mabel, dear, prevent Ethel and myself meeting if you can, for the present; if I look into her eyes again, I shall despair, not hope.

(Exit L. H.)

Mabel

(Wiping her eyes.)



There's no such word in my vocabulary. There is a way out of this, there is some star to guide us into peace and safety.

(Enter DOLLY in evening dress with cape overcoat.)

Mabel

(Impulsively throwing her arms about him.)

Ah, yes Dolly, you are our star of hope, you will lead us all into daylight again.

Dolly

Really Mabel, how you talk. You are getting excited like the rest. Well, here I am ready to make my debut as an amateur detective.

Mabel

But Dolly, that won't do, you're not made up.

Dolly

Made up?

Mabel

Detective must make up; at least, they always do on the stage and in novels.

Dolly

What am I to make up as?

Mabel

I was just thinking about that Dolly. Suppose you make up as a Jew money lender.

Dolly

I'd have to wear a false nose and everybody would see through it. No, that won't do.

Mabel

Then go as a That's very effective on the stage. All you've got to do is to wear corduroys, have a very dirty face, and let your beard grow for a week.

Dolly

But I can't do that between now and 10 o'clock to-night.



Mabel

That's fine. Oh, what are we to do?

Dolly

Leave it to me Mabel. I'll disguise myself- (aside) in drink I guess. (Aloud) so that nobody will know me.

Mabel

These are your instructions.

(Giving him paper.)

Dolly

And I will report to you to-morrow- good bye, Mabel.

(Kissing her going R. H.)

I wonder where I'll be at midnight, in jail or in the hospital, one or the other, for I'm a desperate man.

(Exit R. H.)

Mabel

I'm sure Dolly will acquit himself well. It's such a chance for him. If I were a ma, I'd glory in such an opportunity.

(Enter LORD LEDBURY L. H.)

Lord L.

Mabel, Mabel, why did you not tell me?

Mabel

Oh papa, I wanted to spare you.

Lord L.

Yes, yes, that's it as if I were a poor weak old man unfit for the battle of life. That's the way they treated me at the newspaper office. I challenged the editor and he told me duelling was impossible in England; I offered to fight him in France, in Belgium, and he laughed at me - at me, Mabel. But Daryll shall vindicate us all yet. The honor of the Harcourts was never tarnished before.

(Enter DARYLL hastily L. H. in evening dress with semi-military overcoat on his arm. He starts on seeing his father and then drops on his knees before him.)

Daryll

Oh, father, dear, honored father, I dare not ask for pardon only pity, give me that, give me that!





Lord L.

(Raising him up and embracing him with great tenderness.)

Oh, my son, my son! 'tis I who should ask pardon, I should have warned you in your early youth; watched over you as a mother does her babe. But I was too hopeful, too confident too proud of my boy. 'Tis I who should sue to you for pardon and ask Heaven for mercy and pity in this sore hour of trial.

Daryll

Father, father I will conquer. I cannot wipe out the past. But the future is mine (standing between them) and with such a father and such a sister, mercy would be mockery if it failed me now. Father, sister, I will conquer, so help me God.

\*-- C L O S E D I N --\*

S C E N E II:\*

Drury Lane as in Act II. Heavy rain falling. Landlord at door of public talking to officer.

Officer

Bad night for business, Landlord.

Landlord

'Orrid, simply 'orrid, ain't taken in three bob since six p. hem.

Officer

Oh, well the people'll be coming out of the theatres soon and then you be busy enough.

Landlord

That's what I'm a looking forward to.

Tommy

(Outside) H'umbrellas real gingham, only two bob each.

Landlord

Well, that's a new wrinkle.



Officer

Well, blest if it ain't little Tommy Jikes.

(Enter TOMMY with umbrellas under his arm and one over his head.)

Well, Tommy, 'ows business?

Tommy

Oh, bad sir. The rain h'interferes with it.

Landlord

I'd thought that would 'ave 'elped it now.

Tommy

So it would, if cabs wasn't so blooming cheap.

Officer

'Ow many have you sold, Tommy?

Tommy

Three, sir.

Landlord

Well that h'ain't so blooming bad.

Tommy

Yes, but the covey not bought the last, one ran away without paying for it. (Crying.)

O ficer

That's too bad, Tommy.

(Hoarse voice heard inside calling "landlord".)

Landlord

I must go and attend to my solitary customer- all right sir, H'im coming.

Officer

Who is he?

Landlord

A sharper, looks like a sailor with consumption. He's drinking rum and milk for his cough anyhow. (Exit.)

(Enter DOLLY dressed as in previous scene, but wearing wig, Dundreare whiskers and eye glass.)



Tommy  
H'umbrellas, sir? real gingham.

Dolly  
What a happy thought, left mine in the cab. How much boy?

Tommy  
Two shillings each.

Dolly  
Give me two then-  
(takes them and gives money)  
Here officer, have an umbrella?

Officer  
H'ain't allowed to use 'em on duty, sir.

Dolly  
Never mind, I'll hold it over your head, I want to talk to you.

(Opens both umbrellas, holding one over his own head and another over officer's.)  
Now go away boy,

Tommy  
Here's your change sir.

Dolly  
Never mind the change, but go away.

Tommy  
(Going L. H.) He, ha, he's an 'owling swell h'out on a blooming lark. (Exit.)

Dolly  
Now officer, I'm doing a little amateur detective work.

Officer  
(Aside) A nice way to go about it. (aloud) Yes sir.

Dolly  
I may tell you at once sir, that I am disguised.

Officer  
So I sees sir.



Dolly

Now, what do I look like officer?

Officer

Well sir, if you h'asks me candidly I should say a lion comique from the Music 'Alls.

Dolly

Good, very good. So long as I don't look like myself I'm satisfied. Now, I want to ask you about my friend Daryll, that is about one Frank Rollins, an artist.

Officer

(Aside) What, another on 'em. I wonder if he's a real friend of the poor gentleman, I'm sure the baronite ain't. (Aloud.) Well sir, I do know the party and he used to come round here, but I ain't seen him lately 'cos I've been off this beat for a week.

Dolly

Thank you. Now about one Madge Bell, a young woman who used to keep company with Daryll- I mean Frank Rollins?

Officer

Well, I knowed her too, but she don't come round here now.

Dolly

How's that?

Officer

Well, she seems to have got hold of some money, dresses well and avoids the Lane. But law, sir, if you want to get information about them parties, the public house and the people wot frequent it can tell you h'all about 'em.

Dolly

Thank, thank you very much. (Giving him money.) Would you like to retain the umbrella?

Officer

Dassn't sir. There's two parties as 'as reason to know Mr. Rollins.

(As he goes off, enter DUFFY and SIMMONS.)

Dolly

I will examine them, my good friends, permit me.





Dolly

I'm doing a little amateur detective work and I want some information. Do you know one Frank Rollins?

Duffy

Be got, we've reason to.

Simmons

Know 'em? well rather.

Dolly

Now, when did you see him last?

Simmons

I vonder if he's a blooming fake?

Duffy

Excuse me, sir; but answering questions h<sup>u</sup>'is cold and thirsty work in the h'open h'air on a wet night.

Dolly

Eh, why bless my soul I forgot. Walk in gentlemen, and we'll have some refreshment. Permit me.

(Shelters them with umbrellas until they are inside the public.)

I think my detective work is going to be a howling success.

(Exit into public. Enter SIR PERCIVAL PIGOTT, he looks round and then whistles which brings back officer.)

Pigott

Now then, officer, your chance has arrived at last. You want to be detective, there is your warrant from Scotland Yard, a policeman will relieve you at once.

Officer

Thank you very much, sir, but I'm in uniform you see.

Pigott

That don't matter for to-night, I want you to go to Ioho you know where I mean, keep your eye on the place and note every person who enters or leaves.

Officer

What do you expect to find, Sir Percival?



Pigott

Much, they may spirit the woman away. She is entitled to fortune and rank too and her enemies may resort to desperate means.

Officer

I'm fly sir, I'll await your instructions there, sir.

(Exit.)

Pigott

If Madge follows my advice, I'll bring their pride down.)

(Looking into public.)

I wonder if he's broken out again. Sure to do it.

(Enter from public, DUFFY and SIMMONS, each carrying umbrella and each with big cigar in his mouth.)

Simmons

Pardner this is pie.

Duffy

Arrahit's too good to lave will come back agin.

(Go off arm in arm R. H.)

(Enter DOLLY from public, he steps into street.)

Dolly

Bless my soul, raining again. I wonder what I could have done with my umbrella. Hello, by Jove, there's Pigott. How lucky I'm disguised, or he'd have recognized me. Beg your pardon, have you seen a small boy who sells umbrellas?

Pigott

No sir.

(Still looking into public.)

Dolly

Excuse me, but I'm doing a little private detcetive work.

Pigott

(Going into public.)

Damn your detceitve work. (exit.)

Dolly

Aw thank you, I thought Pigott was a sneak and I'm able to prove it now. Aw there's the umbrella boy. Hi, hi, boy I want you. (Exit L. H.)

(Enter PIGOTT from public.)



Pigott

There's nobody there but a sailor. I'll find him in Ioho if Madge hasn't proved herself a fool.

(Enter DOLLY with four umbrellas.)

Dolly

I hope I shan't lose these like the rest. I wonder what became of the others.

(Enter half dozen men on their way to public.)

(including Simmons and Duffy who have no umbrellas now)

Duffy

How much did you get for yours?

Simmons

Six pence, pard.

Duffy

Are, yer no business man. I got a shilling"

(Same crowd going into public.)

Shall we thry 'em again?

(Turning up his collar.)

Simmons

(Doing same.)

Vy not, cour~~ase~~, pie don't come h'our vay hevery night.

(Exeunt into public.)

Dolly

Gentlemen, gentlemen, excuse me addressing you without introduction, but I'm doing a little detective work. Oh, excuse me, come in and have some refreshment first.

Oranes

Now you're talking.

Dolly

Quite so. Permit me.

(Bus. of covering them as they enter.)

What jolly work this detective business is to be sure.

(Exit into public.)

(Enter TOMMY L. H.)



Tommy

What luck I'm in sold six umbrellas to that swell. Wish I could sell this other two then I'd go home. Umbrellas, umbrellas.

(Enter from public DUFFY and SIMMONS, each with two umbrellas, one of which is carried openly and the other partially concealed.)

Simmons

(Wiping his lips as if he had just drunk.)

Pard, I 'ated to tear myself away.)

Duffy

Simmons, the Lord's good to the Irish.

(They exit.)

Tommy

H'umbrellas, h'umbrellas!

(Enter DOLLY arm in arm with BILL STANDISH, the sailor (Dolly shows slight signs of drink.)

Dolly

Excuse me, but I think you are the only person I haven't interviewed in this vicinity. Bless me, ranway again? Whereever have my umbrellas gone to. Ah, there's the boy. How many have you got boy?

Tommy

Two, sir.

Dolly

Just enough.

(Euys then and holds one over his own head and other over Bill's.)

Tommy

(Going.)

I've cleared out my stock and ain't made no sacrifice neither.

(Runs off L. H.)

Dolly

I'm doing a little amateur detective work, my friend, now do you know one Frank Rollins?





Bill

Never heard on him. I'm a stranger here.

(Bursts into violent fit of coughing)

Dolly

My friend, have you the grippe?

Bill

Worse than that, sir. I've got my death-blow. I'm dying of consumption.

Dolly

Really that's too bad. Keep under the umbrella. Now then, if you're a stranger here I need hardly ask you if you know one, Madge Bull?

Bill

Madge, Madge Bull. (Coughs again) The very woman I'm seeking.

Dolly

The same here.

Bill

(Fiercely) Are you her lover?

Dolly

Not much; never saw her in my life, but want to ever so much. She don't come round here now, but I know where she lives.

Bill

Give me her address, quick!

Dolly

Oh yes; but give and take in this world. If I give you her address will you return here and tell me all about her. I can't leave this place for the present.

Bill

I promise you - (Cough) on my word of honor.

Dolly

I'll take your word of honor. Her address is Berkeley Buildings, Ioho. Do you know the place?

Bill

Well, sir, well. I'll go there at once and return as soon



as possible if you'll wait for me.

Dolly

Certainly I will. Here, you'd better take a cab.

(Giving him money)

Bill

God bless you, sir. (Runs off R.H.)

Dolly

I'm a born detective, by Jove, and what jolly work it is too.

(Enter crowd of men L.H. including Duffy and Simmons on way to public house)

Gentlemen, excuse me, I'm doing a little amateur detective work and if you'll all come and drink with me, I'll examine you one by one.

Omnes

'Ear! 'Ear!

Simmons

(As they move to go in) Ain't it risky, pard?

Duffy

Well, maybe it is.

Dolly

Come, gentlemen, my invitation included everybody.

Duffy

Bejabbers, that settles it.

(Exit into public house - Dolly has umbrella bus. with them)

(All go into public house as scene closes)

--\*-- END OF SCENE II --\*

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S C E N E 3rd:

The studio as before.

D i s c o v e r e d:

Madge discovered handsomely dressed. She is examining parcel of new dresses and spreading them out before her.

Madge

He don't stint me for money and I'm better off than I ever was before. But clothes and money don't make a lady. It's the society she keeps. I'm his wife and I'll be recognized. I'll drive out with Lady Mabel and break that Ethel's heart; that's what I'll do. I'm not going to be slighted; not much.

(Enter DARYLL hastily)

Madge

Oh, Frank, you've come.

Daryll

Yes, and for the last time. You have broken your word to me and I'll trust you no more.

Madge

Well, I want to be your wife, not your pensioner.

Daryll

Silence, woman! don't pollute the holy name of wife. I am your victim; you have ruined me; let that suffice. Now, what do you want?

Madge

I want to be your wife in fact; to be taken to your home, meet your father, sister and the rest.

Daryll

(After a violent mental struggle)

Look, Madge, there is only one way out of this, and it is a terrible one. My life or yours; beware woman lest I make the choice.

Madge

You cannot frighten me, Daryll Harcourt.

Daryll

But I can myself; and I'm seized with an awful terror as I



stand in your presence. Oh, beware woman, beware!

Madge

Oh, I'm tired of this. I ain't going to live in an attic any more. I'll present myself to your father and sister and demand my rights.

Daryll

(Standing over her threateningly)

I have told you, woman, that it was my life or yours. Drink has not passed my lips for a week and never will again; but my brain is on fire and my reason seems to be tottering. I feel that a look, a word, will turn me into a demon!

Madge

Oh, tell that to your Ethels or Mabels, not to me. I'm a woman, not a child. I'll go to your father now.

(Rising and attempting to cross him. Daryll seizes her by the throat with left hand)

Daryll

Move at your peril.

Madge

I will have my rights.

Daryll

By Heavens! you shall.

(Without letting go of her he seizes easel knife from table with his right hand and is about to stab her. She screams)

Daryll

(Dropping knife to floor)

Oh, God! what was I about to do?

(He trembles from head to foot and then makes rush into room L.H. and throws himself on bed.)

Madge

(After pause) He meant it that time. I went too far. It will come if I ain't careful. Why can't I be contented?

(Going into room)

He's swooned. I must get assistance - a doctor. Oh, Heaven if anything should happen to him now and here. Oh, no, no!

(Gets bonnet and shawl and runs to door as it is opened by Bill Standish.)





(Madge gives scream, reels and falls against C. table)

Bill

(With cough) So, Madge, I've found you.

Madge

You, you! Bill, alive?

Bill

No, half dead from consumption, that's all.

Madge

They told me you were drowned. The newspapers said so.

Bill

I can't help that. Why did you leave our home in Milwall?

Madge

I got tired of living alone.

Bill

And Annie, our little girl, where is she?

Madge

Dead!

Bill

(Violently) By your neglect. I know you what you were when I married you. You killed that child.

Madge

You lie, Bill Standish!

Bill

I lie, eh? (Seizing her dress) Where did you get these fine clothes? You never came by them honestly. And why do you live here? (Crossing to L.H.) Who is that, lying there?

Madge

That - that's my --

Bill

Your lover, hussy! Strumpet that you always were.  
(Coughing) What have I come back for. My little child dead - my wife a - yea, yes, I've come back for revenge!



(Seizes knife and stabs her once: Madge screams and runs up ladder leading to skylight. Bill is stopped by another fit of coughing and then pursues and follows her out on to roof. MUSIC - pause. Then scream and Bill comes down ladder with bloody knife in his hand. He throws knife on table and seeing blood on his hands wipes them on white cloth lying on table.)

Bill

I didn't intend to do it; but I've finished her.

(Goes back to ladder)

Yes, she's gone. She'll fool no more men. Serve her right. Serve her right.

(Coughs violently again)

How cold it is and I've to go out into the rain and the street again.

(His eye now falls on Daryll's cloak hanging over easel)

That looks warm and comfortable. (Puts it on) I suppose it belongs to her lover there. Never mind, it'll suit me to-night. Murder first and robbery afterwards. I'm getting on.

(Seeing key in door)

That's something.

(Takes it out of door)

I'll lock them in and take the key with me. That'll give me a start, and I'll be out of London before the thing's known.

(Exit: heard to lock door from outside and cough as scene closes in)

-\*- END OF SCENE III -\*-



S C E N E 4th.

The groggery again. The place is now dark it being after hours. Dolly is seen standing outside public with his umbrella up. He looks very miserable.

Dolly

This ain't so jolly as it was. I wonder if the landlord shut up because it was after hours or because we drank him out. I really don't know the time as one of the egntlemen whom I investigated borrowed my watch and so far has forgotten to return it. I wish my consumptive friend would come back. It's beastly cold and uncomfortable here.

(Bill heard coughing outside R.H.)

Oh, here he is. I recognize his coughing.

(Enter BILL, R. H.)

Dolly

Bless my soul, man, where's your umbrella. You'll be wringing wet in a minute

Bill

I left it with her.

Dolly

Her! Oh yes, with Madge Bull, you saw her then?

Bill

(Hoarsely) Yes, I saw her.

Dolly

(Holding umbrella over his head) Anybody with her?

Bill

Yes; a man.

Dolly

(Aside) That must be Daryll and I've been waiting here for nothing. (Aloud) Well, what did the man say?

Bill

He didn't saw nothing, he was asleep.

Dolly

(Impatiently) What did Madge Bull have to say for herself?



Bill

(Coughing) What's that to you?

Dolly

Here my consumptive friend, don't assume that tone with me. Remember if it hadn't been for me, you wouldn't have seen Madge Pull at all.

Bill

(Coughing) I wish to God I hadn't.

Dolly

(Scrutinizing him closely and drawing him under lamp post.)

What's that on your forehead - what's that on your shirt, on your hands? Man, it is blood!

Bill

Maybe. Let me go.

Dolly

Whose is it?

Bill

My own.

Dolly

That's a lie. There's been mischief in Ioho. Here come along with me.

(Shouting)- Officer- Police!

Bill

Let me go, I say!

(They have violent struggle, and Bill finally trips Dolly and runs off having cloak in his hands. Dolly has never relinquished the umbrella, and squats on ground under it.)

Dolly

When did he get this garment? It's a military cloak.

(Looks under collar)

Great Heaven! Daryll Harcourt 2nd. Life Guards. There's been foul play. Perhaps Daryll is murdered.

Cab - cab -

(Hansome cab, drives on to stage.)

Dolly

(Now on his feet.) Perkely Buildings, Ioho, and drive like the devil. (Dolly and cab go off R. H.)





Scene V:-THE STUDIO.

As scene opens, Daryll is seen to move on bed then to get up.

Daryll

How cold it is. (Looking out) No wonder with that sky-light open. Madge, what did you open it for.

(Coming out) Madge, where can she be? (X's to door) Locked! What does it mean?

(Standing over C. table)

I can scarcely think. Let me recall what happened. Madge and I quarelled. She had high words- I threatened her life.

(Seeing bloody knife, and taking it up- then dropping it.)

Oh God! No! No!! I did not do it. I could not. But, the blood!

(Taking up cloth)

and blood here again. Am I murderer! Madge! Madge! Answer me.

(Turns round to go up stage)

Blood here too--- It must be hers. I am a murderer. I am accursed.

(Is going up steps as scene changes. Lights low down)

Scene VI:-

The roof of the studio with view of roofs, tall chimneys, church spires &c. Sky cloudy with Moon. Bells again.

Discovered:-

Madge lying on her back C. At back is skylight thrown open. Music. Daryll seen to come up ladder. He gets on stage, moves about and his feet touch her body. He gives start and cry- then drops on knees and looks into Madge's face.

Daryll

It is Madge. But no! She cannot be dead. Madge! Madge! Come back; speak to me. Madge, tell me I am no murderer. Madge, come and lift this crime off my soul.

(Listens for her breathing)



(The roof, view of house-tops, etc. Madge's body C. Daryll is seen to appear at skylight then reach stage He moves about and his foot touches body. He starts and then kneeling lifts up her head looks into face.)

Daryll

Madge! Madge! you cannot be dead. No, no! Speak to me girl, tell me this is some ghastly dream. Madge! Madge I did not kill you. I could not, oh come back Madge and lift this crime from my soul. Not a word. Not a word - it is the silence of death.

(Lets her head fall back to ground.)

This murdered and by my hands. Oh cursed thrice accursed wretch that I am!

(Striking his breast)

Fool, sot, assassin. Oh God close the gates of mercy against me! Open wide the doors of hell and let me in.

(Noise heard below.) (He moves on knees to skylight and listens.)

Footsteps! They are coming to the studio. They want me! Well, let them take me I am a murderer. But father, Mabel, Ethel, how they will suffer. For their sake I should before (Listening again.)

They are trying the door. They will break it open.

(Leans down through skylight pulls up ladder and lets back skylight. Listening still.)

They find no one. Will they make their way here. They cannot. Ah they are going - yes - yes - now I am free -

(Moving back to Madge's body.)

Free - free - with this upon me - oh no, I am bound in everlasting fetters that chain my soul to perdition.

(Still on knees with arms in air as curtain falls.)

:--CURTAIN--:







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✓  
\*-\* H I S   D O U B L E   L I F E -\*-\*

\*-\* A C T   I V -\*-\*

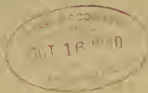




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"HIS DOUBLE LIFE."

\*- ACT IV -\*



\*\*\*\*\*

ROSENFIELD,  
TYPEWRITER  
AND  
STENOGRAPHER,  
14 EAST 28TH ST.  
N. Y. C.

*Wm. J. Rosenfield*



\*-\*- A C T IV -\*-\*

S C E N E I:\*

The library in Harcourt Castle. This should be a handsome set, with book shelves, alcoves, statuary, oil paintings on walls L. H. is full length oil painting of the Earl of Ledbury and R. C. is bay window leading out into lawn but concealed by curtains.

T I M E:\*

Early forenoon, two days after action of third act.

D i s c o v e r e d:-

LORD LEDBURY seated in chair at library table with newspaper in his hand, LADY SUNBURST is standing by his side.

Lord I.

Charlotty, they are hounding Daryll on to his death.

Lady S.

Indeed brother, it looks so.

Lord I.

I correct myself, not they but him; he has a secret, malignant foe; two days ago they published the story of his folly no- his misfortune, his connection with that woman, and now since that unhappy woman is dead- murdered as it seems they would link my son's name with the foul crime.

Lady S.

But brother, no names are mentioned.

Lord I.

They are not necessary in such cases.

(Reading from paper.)

"The police have little or no doubt that the unfortunate woman was murdered by the man she had married a week previously and, who though known in Ioho as Frank Rollins an artist, was better known in the West End as a famous Cavalry officer, a notable society man and the younger son of one of



the most respected peers in England." Is not that direct enough?

Lady S.

But what evidence have they of Daryll's guilt?

Lord L.

His guilt! they can have none. My son is as innocent of the crime as I am myself. These reports emanate from a base and insidious enemy who would stab us all in the back but who knows that Daryll is innocent. If the police think him guilty why do they not arrest him? why is he not brought before a magistrate?

Lady S.

Daryll can have but one enemy, his rival.

Lord L.

His rival?

Lady S.

Sir Percival Pigott who loves or professes to love, Ethel and who has found her so loyal to Daryll.

Lord L.

Oh no, no, do not say that, Charlotte. I have always admired and esteemed Pigott. He has sat at my table broken bread with me, he cannot be our enemy.

Lady S.

Mabel thinks so, Ethel thinks so, so does little Dolly Ponsonby, and I know Daryll never trusted him.

Lord L.

But to accuse my son of murder, and such a murder, I cannot bring myself to believe so basely of Pigott.

(Enter MABEL hastily R. H.)

Lord L.

Ah Mabel, you have brought us news.

Mabel

No papa, not a word or a sign from Daryll. I have telegraphed and sent messages to his barracks to all his clubs and can find no one who has seen him since he left here two days ago.



Lady S.

Why should Daryll hide himself? It is so unlike him- he cannot know of what he stands accused. Perhaps, perhaps, he too-

Lord L.

(Rising in agitation.)

Sister, I read your thoughts. Perhaps he also has been murdered. Daryll carried money and valuables with him where would he profit in his death; they have murdered him and buried him in the slums to which he wandered.

(Going L. H.)

Mabel

Oh, no, no, Papa, Daryll lives; this is only another mystery added to the rest.

Lady S.

Brother, where are you going?

(As Lord L. in great agitation gets to door L. H.)

Lord L.

To fathom these mysteries, to end this suspense. I cannot bear the tension. Mabel, my child, it is wearing your young life out. I'll drive to the Home Secretary's. My boy shall not be tried by newspapers and secret enemies. He shall stand before his judges and demand justice. A peer of England's son may ask for that as well as a peasant's.

Lady S.

Brother, do you feel strong enough for the task?

Lord L.

God will give me strength sister, I am sadly shaken up by these troubles and I'll end them and be strong again, the honor of the Harcourts is in deadly peril; but I am its guardian and I must vindicate it. (rather feebly.) It's the suspense and dread that try me so much. Let me only clear my boy and I'll be my boy and I'll be my old self again, you'll see.

(Exit L. H.)

Lady S.

(Sinking into chair.)

Oh, Mabel, Mabel, I fear for the worst.





Mabel

Worst? What worst, Aunt?

Lady S.

If Daryll was so demented, so irresponsible as to marry that woman, why might he not in frenzy have ----

Mabel

(With scream.)

Oh, no, no, Aunt impossible. His marriage was a passive act, but killing- murder, oh, no, no, he could not.

(Enter ETHEL R. H. in great agitation.)

Mabel & Lady S.

Ethel!

Ethel

How can you- how dare you to speak to me - you two?

Lady S.

Ethel, my child.

Mabel

Ethel, sister!

Ethel

Lady Sunburst, I am not your child. Mabel Harcourt, I am not your sister, you have kept it all from me but now I know.

Mabel

Ethel, we acted for the best.

Ethel

Best! was it for the best to plunge me in doubt and fear, to torture me with misgising? I am no child Mabel Harcourt I am as old in years as you, and I say your conduct was not sisterly, it was mean and selfish.

Mabel

Selfish Ethel?

Ethel

You knew of Daryll's troubles and you kept the knowledge to yourself. Had I no right to share his griefs and halve his sorrows?



Lady S.

Ethel, Ethel, be reasonable! how could we tell you of his marriage to that woman?

Ethel

It's what you should have done. Do you think my love for Daryll was a selfish passion and that I only wanted to win and wear my hero? My love is higher and nobler. If I could make Daryll happy my own fate was of no moment, not worth an instant's thought. Had I known the truth first he might have been saved, and now what is he, a fugitive, a murderer-----

Mabel

(Seizing her arm.)

No, no, Ethel don't speak the word; a victim he is, a fugitive he may be but a criminal never.

Ethel

Who said he was a criminal? Even if he did all of which they accuse him, he is no criminal, only a most unhappy man, stricken by a cruel fate, bearing the sins of others on his shoulders.

Lady S.

Now Ethel dear, you must be calm- we must think.

Ethel

No, this is a time for action. His enemy is not musing over his plans! he is drawing the meshes closer and closer round our Daryll while we sit here and think.

Mabel & Lady S.

His enemy?

Ethel

Yes, Sir Percival Pigott- Pigott- Pigott- Pigott, what other enemy has he or can he have? What man has plotted against him for weeks and now I feel that he is gloating over his ruin.

Lady S.

Mabel, you see we are all of one mind.

Mabel

Ethel, you are right, but what can we do?



Ethel

If we sit here with folded hands, nothing. While we sigh and groan, and weep the enemy works and Daryll will be lost. I'm going to London.

Lady S.

What can you do there, Ethel?

Ethel

What can I do here? I can find Daryll; if he is a fugitive, warn him of his danger, help him to baffle his enemy. We can show him that loving, trusting hearts are his, that if angels came down from Heaven and proclaimed his guilt we would not believe them.

(Crossing to door L. H.)

Lady S.

You cannot go alone, Ethel, I will accompany you. (Rising)

Ethel

Oh thank you, Aunt.

Mabel

I will ring for the phaeton, papa has taken the carriage.

Ethel

What, drive twenty miles to London Mabel, where are your wits, when the train will take us there in half an hour? Come aunt.

Lady S.

Yes child, but you are so impetuous.

Ethel

Aunt, if I did not try to do something for Daryll, I should die here in this sleepy wilderness.

(Speaking with great volubility.)

As soon as we reach London, we'll take a hansom and drive to Mr. Burbeck's the family solicitor.

Lady S. & Mabel

Oh yes.

Ethel

which ought to have been done at first. Then we'll go auntie to your dear old friend Sergeant Bulley the famous



criminal barrister and get his advice, then we'll visit every place haunted by Daryll and he told me of several that you know nothing of- and find our hero, comfort him in his affliction or help him in his peril.

(Almost dragging Lady S. to L. H.)

Lady S.

(Much bewildered.)

Yes, dear, but you are so violent Ethel.

Ethel

I can't help it auntie.

(Running back and embracing Mabel.)

Forgive me dear, for my harsh words. I know you will Auntie, for you have been forgiving your Ethel all her life. Come, come, we'll show our enemy that the love and faith even of two women are a match for envy, hatred and malice.

(Exeunt Ethel and Lady S. L. H., Ethel almost dragging Lady S. off.)

Mabel

How changed Ethel is. I do hope she may accomplice something. I seem to be the only one who remains idle. But what can I do? I must await Papa's return. And there never a line from Dolly and he was to report to me yesterday morning.

(Enter R. H. JAMES the servant, who is trying to conceal his laughter.)

James

MY lady, there's a gentleman outside<sup>as</sup> wants to see you.

(Turning his face away and grinning.)

Mabel

A gentleman? Who is it? Did he not give his name?

James

That wasn't necessary, my lady, for it's Mr. Ponsonby; but he do look so queer and acts that changed that I didn't know as--

Mabel

What is the matter with Mr. Ponsonby?

James

Well, my lady, if I might h'offer an opinion I should say as he 'ad been h'indulging in the rosy.





Mabel

The rosy!

James

Yes my lady, the cup wot cheers and h'inibratesat the same time.

Mabel

That is none of your business, James, show Mr. Punsoby in .

James

Yes, my lady. (Going R. H. aside) Show him in, he's a regular 'oly show in himself. (Exit.)

Mabel

Oh, Dolly at last. Surely he has some news.

(Enter J AMES showing in DOLLY R. H.)

James

Mr. Punsby, my lady.

(Exit James grinning.)

(Dolly still wears the dress suit and cape overcoat of previous act; but he has a very dishevelled appearance. His high stand up collar is turned down. He still wears the black wig and whiskers, and on his head is slouch hat with enormous brim.)

Mabel

Oh, Dolly.

(About to embrace him, then starting back at his appearance.)

Dolly

(In C.) Oh, Mabel.

Mabel

Oh Dolly, what James said must be true.

Dolly

And what did James remark?

Mabel

He said you had been indulging in the rosy.

Dolly

Rosy! Rosy! Ah, you mean alcoholic beverages, Mabel?



Mabel

Y-y-es, Dolly.

Dolly

I have simply been wallowing in them, Mabel. I have, during the last forty hours, consumed enough London and Holland gin, Irish and Scotch whiskey, French brandy and malt liquors to float my steam yacht comfortably.

Mabel

Oh then, Dolly, you must be in - in ----

Dolly

Intoxicated Mabel? By no means. I am of the firm opinion that when engaged in amateur detective work I could drink the contents of a bonded warehouse without turning a hair.

Mabel

But you look so strange, Dolly.

Dolly

I should be very much surprised if I did not. I saw my reflection in the mirror a moment ago and nearly asked myself who the deuce I was. Mabel, it is now nearly noon and as you see, I am still in evening dress.

Mabel

yes, Dolly, that's what I don't understand.

Dolly

Then learn, Mabel, that for forty hours this dress suit and the garments it conceals have not left my person.

Mabel

Why not, Dolly?

Dolly

Beuase Mabel, I have been on the track.

Mabel

The track? Oh yes, I understand, But that wig Dolly and oh those dreadful whiskers.

Dolly

Mabel you must not attempt to separate these wig and thois whiskers (taking off beard and wig) is blonde and would not



harmonize with black whiskers.

Mabel

Then why not take off the whiskers?

Dolly

Why not indeed! Mabel, when two days ago you sent me forth on my career as an amateur detective you told me to get "made up."

Mabel

Oh yes.

Dolly

I did. I went to a theatrical person in the strand and bought this disguise. I told him to attache the whiskers to my face so that they would not readily come off.

Mabel

That was right.

Dolly

In principle yes; but the theatrical person acted with an excess of zeal and I believe fastened these whiskers to my face with shellac always supposing no more tenacious substance exists. For thirty hours I have struggled with these hairs. I have tried persuasion and sweet oil, profanity and violence and I am convinced that only a surgical operation which involves the removal of large slices of my cheeks will eradicate these whiskers.

Mabel

Oh Dolly, that will never do.

Dolly

I am afraid it will for my personal beauty.

Mabel

But, oh Dolly, where did you get that hat?

Dolly

In Whitechapel while on the track. I bought it from a second hand Jew, I mean a Jew who sells second hand wearing apparel. He told me that it once belonged to Buffalo Joseph the King of the cow-boys who had scoured the plains with it for years considering which circumstance I think it



is in a state of excellent preservation.

Mabel

But it is so ontre.

Dolly

All the better Mabel. It is exceedingly comfortable and in my present vocation remarkably useful as observe  
(turning brim of hat down and striking melodramatic attitude.)

I do not believe my respected parents would recognize me now.

Mabel

I don't think they would Dolly, now what have you done?

Dolly

I have been on the track of three persons, Mabel, of Daryll of a mariner with a pulmonary complaint which he calls consumption and of that woman.

Mabel

(Almost screaming.)

That woman? than you don't know the terrible news, you have not read the newspapers.

Dolly

What news?

Mabel

That woman is dead, murdered it is believed, her body was found on the roof of the studio.

Dolly

What, Oh no, yes, oh my, Mabel let me get my breath.  
(Falling into chair.)

Mabel

What is it Dolly?

Dolly

Oh, I thought it was Daryll who had been murdered, I did not know how to tell you my fears, that's why - why- (breaking down) - I was so - so frivolous Mabel.





Mabel

No Dolly, not Daryll but the woman they accuse my brother of murdering her and ---

Dolly

(Jumping to his feet.)

But he is innocent and I know the murderer.

Mabel

Daryll, innocent?

Dolly

The sailor did it Mabel. I met him in Drury Lane and found that he was searching for this woman Madge. I sent him off to Soho. When he returned, he was terribly agitated and I found blood stains on his hands and clothes. I tried to detain him, but he got away leaving a military overcoat in my hands which bore Daryll's name.

Mabel

Ah, now I see why you feared for Daryll.

Dolly

I drove to Soho and there met Pigott and a police officer. We broke in the door of the studio, not a soul was in it, but on the table was a blood stained easel knife. Pigott declared that Daryll had murdered Madge and made away with the body. I believed Daryll to be the victim.

Mabel

Yes, yes, I understand Dolly.

Dolly

I left the coat with the officer and pursued the sailor again. I traced him to Millwall near the Docks and there learned that he was Madge's husband.

Mabel

Ah.

Dolly

He had only returned that day from sea, found his home broken up and his little child dead so you see he had no good will towards the woman.

Mabel

Of course not.



Dolly

I still pursued him until I traced him to within a few miles of the place.

Mabel

This place, impossible.

Dolly

Oh no, truth is stranger than fiction. Bill Standish, the sailor, you know, was born in Woking, five miles from here and he told the people in Millwall that as his days were numbered he was going home to die. Now I must be off.

Mabel

won't you stop and have some luncheon?

Dolly

No time, Mabel, I have to meet my assistant.

Mabel

A real detective?

Dolly

No, a boy, a precocious little Arab whom Daryll befriended. He is invaluable to me. Now good bye for the present, Mabel. I'll return, I feel it, and bring peace to all your aching hearts.

(Runs off R. H.)

Mabel

I am sure you will. Dolly is our guardian angel after all. Poor fellow, how he must have suffered consuming all that horrid drink, but he has such a kind heart, he would do anything to help us in our trouble. What news this will be for Papa and Ethel and Auntie. (Ringing bell.) But why does Daryll make no sign.

(Enter JAMES R. H.)

James, has his lordship returned?

James

Not yet, my lady.

Mabel

Let me know the instant he arrives. That will do.

James

Yes, my lady. (Going but stopping at door.) What time will you have luncheon served, my lady?

Mabel

Not till his lordship returns, James.



James

Yes, my lady. (Exit R.H.)

Mabel

To think my Dolly has done such wonders, and I used to believe he was only kind and amiable. He's quite a genius in his way. Daryll ought to write to us; but oh, if Dolly's first impression should be correct and my brother killed or wounded - but no, that can't be; he has seen the papers and is concealing himself or else has left the country.

(The curtains over bay window R.C. shake)

What's that? Oh, how nervous I am. The window must have been left open.

(Goes up stage and throws open curtain discovering Daryll. He is deadly pale, dressed in rough travelling suit, ulster overcoat. Mabel starts back, then recovers herself and is about to embrace him.)

Mabel

Oh, Daryll, at last!

Daryll

Do not touch me, Mabel.

Mabel

Oh, brother!

Daryll

Brother! Once I thought I was your brother, but that was a dream. I can be brother to no pure woman, son to no honest man.

Mabel

Daryll! (Getting close to him)

Daryll

Keep away from me, Mabel; there is blood on my hands. My touch would stain you.

Mabel

There is no blood on your hands. You did not do it. It was the other, the sailor, the husband.

Daryll

What wild talk is this?



Mabel

Dolly knows all about it. He has been investigating the matter; he just now told me of the result.

Daryll

Kind, simple Dolly. Mabel, I am guilty before Heaven and man, guilty in word and act. I am an assassin and a cowardly one too; for I killed a helpless woman. I would have surrendered myself and borne the punishment of my crime but for you and my father, and - and the rest. A Harcourt should not die on the scaffold.

Mabel

But brother, can there be - is there no mistake?

Daryll

Mistake? Only the mistake of my existence - We quarrelled; she goaded me to fury. I threatened her life and took up the easel knife to kill her. She escaped to the roof; I pursued her and there did my bloody work. Mistake? Oh, God! Mabel, when murder's in the heart, the willing hands make no mistake.

Mabel

(Trying to restrain her tears)

Poor, dear Dolly has deceived himself. Oh, how cruel!

Daryll

I shall be out of the country in a few hours. I take the train at the park gates in ten minutes.

Mabel

Where do you go, Daryll?

Daryll

You must not know, Mabel. The police may question you and you must speak the truth. But I could not leave England without seeing the old place again. What happy hours I have spent among these books.

(Moves to table L.H. and picks up album, opens it and tears picture out of it: kisses picture and places it in breast pocket)

Ethel! Ethel!

(Gets in front of Lord Sedbury's portrait)

Father! Father!

(Drops on knees)







(1)

I could face my judges and stand calm at the awful moment of  
expiation. But to look in your eyes and remember what I am  
what shame I have brought to you, how I have blighted your young  
life is more than even my crime-stained soul can bear.  
Mabel, we meet and part for the last time in this world -  
in another - I dare not--

Mabel

(Clinging to him) Daryll, do not speak the word- we shall  
meet again, brother.

Daryll

(Kissing her on forehead) There, Mabel, your spotless purity  
is sullied for the last time-

(Moving to window and trying to release himself)

Good bye- good bye-- forgive- good bye- Oh, Mabel, My sister!

(Rushes out through window.)

Surely nature has made some mistake. I cannot be your son. Heaven could not be so unjust, so cruel as to curse you with such a monster as I. Oh, gentle soul, noble heart; farewell, farewell, farewell forever.

(Rising to feet and going slowly to bay window)

Mabel

Daryll, Daryll, have you forgotten your sister?

Daryll

(Holding curtains in hands)

I dare not trust myself to speak to you, Mabel.

(Mabel runs up to him and buries her face in his breast.)

My angel sister; your spotless purity is sullied for the last time. One kiss, Mabel.

(Kissing her on forehead)

Only one.

(Rushes out through bay window)

Mabel

brother

(Throwing herself on sofa) Oh, Daryll, Daryll, my poor I shall never see him again. Guilty - guilty he said; but it was in frenzy - the curse that was on him. But I must be calm. I must keep the secret of his visit to myself.

(Rising and wiping her eyes)

I hear papa's voice. He above all must not know.

(Enter Lord Sedbury L.H.)

Lord S.

(Speaking very nervously)

I met the home secretary, Mabel, in the park; yes, I've met the home secretary. We will have no more trials by newspapers and secret enemies. He has ordered a thorough investigation by experts from Scotland Yard - yes, Mabel, by experts. We do not fear the result, do we, Mabel? We know our Daryll is innocent. But come child to luncheon. I am quite faint and you must be so too.

(Going R.H.)

Mabel

Yes, papa, in one minute. (Aside) James is talking with some stranger. How my heart beats.

Lord S.

Only a few days more of trial and everything will be put right - yes, everything. (Exit R.H.)



Mabel

Poor papa has aged terribly in the last few days.

(Enter Pigott and officer now in private dress L.H.  
He carries military overcoat)

Pigott

Lady Mabel, I thought it my duty before seeing your father to assure you --

Mabel

Your duty, Sir Percival, seems to lead <sup>you</sup> to seek the ruin of this family.

Pigott

Lady Mabel, I owe a duty to society and however painful, I must perform it. This is a detective from Scotland Yard.

Mabel

(With half scream)

He comes to arrest my brother.

Officer

Well, not exactly, my lady. At least not here; this is the last place to look for him. But we have to ask his lordship some questions.

Pigott

And I thought it might be necessary to prepare him.

(Enter James R.H.)

James

His lordship wishes you to wait in his study.

Pigott

I again express my regrets, Lady Mabel.

(Exeunt Pigott, officer and James)

Mabel

Daryll should be on the train by this time and speeding towards safety.

(Enter Daryll hastily through window)

Mabel

(Gives scream) Daryll, why are you back? The police are here.

It is better so. To live would be greater torture than death in any form. I was a coward Mabel, to attempt flight.!! What manhood is left in me is asserting itself now. Break it to my father as you can but you must not shake my purpose.

(With great calmness.) And I thank you Sir Percival, you have saved me time and trouble. I returned here from safety to surrender myself to justice.

Pigott

Yes, when escape was impossible. I understand.

Daryll

I hardly think you do Sir Percival. It is beyond your comprehension. Officer do your duty.

(Holding out his hands.)

Daryll

So much the better. I have come to give myself up.

(Showing paper)

I find an innocent man has been arrested for my crime; a poor artist who resembles me. I must expiate my own guilt.

Mabel

Daryll, this is folly - madness! The police are here I tell you - Go, go! while you have the chance.

(Trying to push him to window: gives loud scream)

Too late! too late! they are coming.

(Enter Pigott and officer hastily R.H.)

Pigott

There is your prisoner, officer.

Daryll

I have just returned from safety to give myself up.

Pigott

Yes, when escape was impossible.

Officer

(Getting close to him)

Very sorry, Captain, but I must do it.

(Pulls out handcuffs: Daryll offers his hands)

Mabel

No, no; you shall not - you dare not, here in this house.

Oh, Daryll, why did you return?

(Lord Sedbury speaking outside)

Lord E.

Where are the gentlemen who wish to speak with me?

(Enter R.H. starts at seeing him.)

Ah, Daryll, you've come back - now all will be made clear.

(Attempting to move to Daryll)

Officer

Very sorry, my lord. (Interposing)

Lord R.

Sorry? What do you mean, sir. That is my son, Captain Harcourt.





But he is my prisoner my Officer

Pigott  
Charged with murder, Lord Ledbury.

Lord L.  
Prisoner! Murder! Oh! Daryll, my son! My son!

But he is my prisoner, my <sup>Officer</sup> Lord.

19.

Lord L.

(With cry of horror) Prisoner! <sup>Pigott</sup>

~~And he is also the murderer of Midge Bull.~~

(Officer puts handcuffs on Daryll who holds down his head. Lord S. reels and seems about to fall when Mabel runs across to him and catches him in her arms.)

-\*- P I C T U R E -\*-

-\*- END OF SCENE I -\*-



\*- A C T IV \*-

S C E N E 2nd:                    Country lane in one. Snow, leafless trees &c.

D i s c o v e r e d:           Tommy Sykes discovered. He is now comfortably dressed, has warm overcoat on and a general appearance of prosperity - nevertheless he runs about as if very cold.

Tommy

Overcoats and gloves and things ain't up to much except appearance after hall. I remember last winter I went about with only a shirt, a pair of breeches, a jacket and a cap, and I didn't feel cold a bit. Now I've got a gent's furnishing shop on my body and I'm nearly freezing; perhaps it's the country hair as I hain't used to.

(Runs about again)

Vy don't the guv'nor come? He's half a hour behind time at least and if we miss our man I'll retire from the detective business haltogether. I do 'opes as the Guv'nor ain't been trying to taper off with brandy and sody. He'll lose his 'lead soon if he does, and swells is so fond of sobering hup on B. & S. as they call it and                    their legs at the expense of their

(Looking off R.H.)

Oh, no, here he comes looking more houtlandish than ever.

(Enter Dolly R.H.)

Dolly

Tommy, make your report and overlook your superior officer's want of punctuality.

Tommy

Yes sir.

(Reading from note-book)

10.30 parting company with you - 11 o'clock heard consumptive cough in distance.

Dolly

Oh, you did?

Tommy

Yes sir; owner of cough hove in sight and recognized him as



Bill Standish, mariner, from your description of him.

Dolly

As my pupil, Tommy, I am proud of you.

Tommy

Thanksee, sir. Got into conversation with Standish who didn't know me - found as he was bound for woking; but he was precious hill sir - said the country was so haltered he could hardly find his way - wanted to know where he could get some rum and milk, and I recommended him to the Sedbury Arms in the village, and he said as how he would go there and rest for an hour or so, and if we loses no time, sir, we'll catch him on the premises.

Dolly

Tommy, you have exceeded my utmost hopes of you.

Tommy

We'd better hurry, sir, not honly for fear he'd get away - (Mysteriously) but for fear he might die on our hands.

Dolly

Die, Tommy, that would be awkward.

Tommy

Yes, I know them consumptives; one might last a week and might peg out afore night.

Dolly

How do you know, Tommy?

Tommy

I was in the hospital two years ago for six months, and I studied the consumptives. When their cough sounds like that (Giving hoarse cough) you can fix the hour of their funeral.

Dolly

You've seen a lot of life, Tommy.

Tommy

A lot of misery, sir. Never knew anything else till I met Mr. Rollins and you, sir. He saved me from being a thief and you're going to make a man of me.





Dolly

That will do, Tommy - this is a business, not a sentimental expedition. So come on. (Going L.H.)

Tommy

Yes sir; but might I offer one suggestion, sir?

Dolly

Certainly, Tommy.

Tommy

Ain't it about time you shook them wig and whiskers?

Dolly

It certainly is, Tommy; but the whiskers will not allow themselves to be shaken. They have been attached to my cheeks with shillac.

Tommy

No sir, them theatrical people use spirit gum, and I believe a little burnt brandy at the Sedbury Harms will take them hoff hinstanter.

Dolly

We'll try it, Tommy. What a fund of information you possess. Now for the Sedbury Arms, Bill Standish and confusion to Pigott.

(Takes Tommy's arm and runs off L.H.)

-\*- END OF SCENE II -\*-



--\* A C T IV \*--

S C E N E 3rd:            The Justice Room in Harcourt  
Castle. Doors in flat L. & R. at  
C. and back, table, desk and high  
chair for Justice.

D i s c o v e r e d:    Clerk at table, also servants,  
villagers &c. down L.H. Pigott  
and officer.

Officer

Sir Percival, I did wish to be a detective for years, but if I had known the dirty work it would bring me, I'd rather have been a crossing sweeper.

Pigott

Pshaw! you're too sensitive for your trade.

Officer

Perhaps so, sir; but making a father try his own son for murder is more than average humanity can stand. My stomach revolts against it, sir; that's hall.

Pigott

Do your duty, or I'll have you discharged.

Officer

I shall be glad to part company with you, sir. You're the meanest and most vindictive beast wot I ever heard on even if you are a baronet - there!

Pigott

You're a fool; better look after your prisoner than talk insolent rubbish.

Officer

He's all right; and he did come back to give himself up. The station master will swear to that if necessary.

Pigott

He's another fool.

(They retire to L.H. Enter Ethel and Lady S. (R.H.))



Lady S.

All our labor wasted, Ethel.

Ethel

Never mind, Aunt, dear. We did our best. Now have fortitude, be firm, Auntie. Remember what an ordeal poor Uncle and Daryll have before them. They must get encouragement from us. I feel so strong now that the crisis has come that I could face death in any shape.

(Enter Lord Sedbury door back accompanied by Mabel)

Mabel

Oh, papa, have you strength, have you courage for this ordeal?

Lord L.

(Taking his seat) I hope I have strength, Mabel. I know I have courage. Captain Harcourt in this Justice Room will be no more to me than a poacher, a burglar, a highwayman or any other criminal. A Harcourt never shrinks from his duty. Officer, bring in your prisoner.

Officer

Yes, my lord.

(Goes to door L.H. and makes sign when Daryll, no longer with handcuffs enters together with two policemen: he takes his place in the dock)

Lord L.

(Trying to be very firm but showing his agitation by fumbling with papers on his desk)

Captain Harcourt, you are charged with the gravest crime on the statute book; that of wilful murder. Having been arrested in my house, it is my duty to examine your case, and if necessary commit you for trial. Officer, relate the circumstances of the crime, and your capture of the prisoner.

(Officer is about to get into box)

Clerk

Pardon me, my lord; but you have read the depositions and it would save you great pain if you committed the prisoner for further examination in London where the murder was committed.

Lord L.

But I do not wish to be spared pain. I wish to do my duty. Proceed, officer.





I ask for no mercy and would accept none. I did kill my wife: The woman known as Madge Bull. I am her murderer.

Daryll

Spare us all pain dear friend. The real murderer is here!

Dolly

No! no! Daryll! My Lord your son is as innocent as I am!

Lord L.

I hope: I trust Mr. Punsby that you understand Captain Harcourt's terrible position and are making no mistake.

Dolly

None whatever my Lord.

(Cough heard outside.)

Bring him in.

(Enter STANDISH and TOMMY.)

Lord L.

Who is this man?

Bill

(Hearsely.) The murderer of Madge Bull!



Deryll

My lord, I wish to spare you, myself and others from pain.  
I waive examination and plead guilty.

Lord E.

(Rising in agitation)

No, no, my son - Captain Harcourt, you are not well advised.  
You must get counsel. It may be my duty to commit you for  
trial; but you need not plead here. I shall not permit it.

Deryll

But I do, my lord. I plead guilty because I committed the  
crime of which I stand accused.

(Enter Dolly hurriedly from back)

Dolly

My lord, he must withdraw that plea because he is innocent.

Mabel

(Not standing beside Lady S. and Ethel)

Dolly! he was right.

Dolly

(Without whiskers now)

My lord, I not only say that Captain Harcourt is innocent;  
but I will produce the real murderer.

Lord S.

I hope this is no delusion, Mr. Punsby.

Dolly

No, my lord.

(Cough heard outside)

Tommy, bring in Mr. Standish.

(Enter Bill more emaciated than ever and Tommy: they  
give Bill a chair)

Let me examine him, my Lord. } Dolly

What is your name?

Bill

William Standish, able seaman - at least I was.

Dolly

Did you know the woman, Margaret Bull?



Bill  
She was my wife. (Sensation)

Dolly  
When did you see her last?

Bill  
The night afore last.

Dolly  
Where?

Bill  
At Berekley Buildings, ~~Sho~~.

Dolly  
What took place there?

Bill  
She - I - well I killed her. (Cough)  
(Sensation)

Dolly  
In the studio?

Bill  
Well, not exactly. I stabbed her there once with a knife I found on the table; then she ran up the ladder to the roof. I followed her and finished the job there.

Lord S.  
But how then, can Captain Harcourt accuse himself of the crime?

Bill  
Don't know, my lord, unless he was the gent as was asleep in the next room. Perhaps when he woke up he found Madge dead and thought he done it himself.

Daryll  
Can it be? Oh, God! can it be? 'Is my soul free from crime-  
are my hands unstained with blood?

Lord L.  
No suspicion pointed to you - why do you now confess to this awful crime?



Bill

Well, my lord, I don't want an innocent man to suffer for my crime. (Cough) Then, my lord, I am a dying man - a few days, perhaps a few hours will finish me. I'll never live to be tried and I might as well die in jail as anywhere else.

(Is about falling off chair when officer catches him)

Lord L.

Carry him to the next room and give him some brandy. Send for the doctor at once.

(They carry Bill out)

Lord L.

(Coming down and embracing him)

Daryll, my boy, innocent, innocent! Oh Heaven, how my heart swells with gratitude. Innocent- my boy!

Daryll

Indeed yes, father; but in thought -

Ethel

Innocent in everything, Daryll.

(All the women embrace him, then Mabel kisses Dolly)

Mabel

Oh, Dolly!

Dolly

Oh, Mabel.

(Bus. of introducing Tommy to her)

Pigott

(To officer) I'm for town. Are you going?

Officer

Yes, Sir Percival; but not in your company.

(Exit Pigott)

Lord L.

Daryll, you said you would conquer; this trial, these sufferings have been expiation for the past.

Daryll

(With Ethel in his arms)

And the future has no terrors for me now. I have a sister's faith - a father's devotion, and (Kissing Ethel) a love that endureth.





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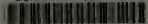








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